The Outlook

JUNE 27, 1923

THE LEVIATHAN GOES A-SAILING

IN the tangled mass of criminations and counter-charges concerning the necessity and the lack of necessity, the cost and the economy, of the trial trip of the Leviathan, one thing stands out clearly—it is the fact that Government ownership of public utilities promotes political tumult.

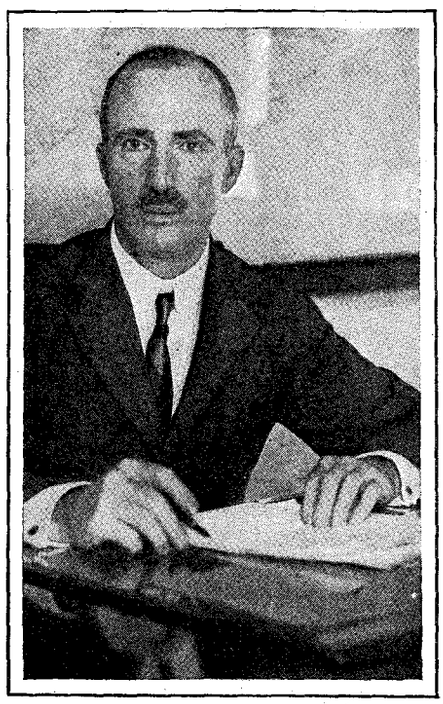
Whether the trip of the Leviathan, with six hundred guests invited by the retiring chairman of the Shipping Board, is a junket or a justifiable piece of business promotion seems to depend wholly upon the political affiliations of the observer. If a Democrat thinks that political capital can be made by attacking the trip, an attack is launched. If a Republican sees in criticism of the trip a loss of votes in the next Presidential election, the trip is defended. If the Leviathan were under private ownership or private operation, assisted by a Government subsidy, there would have been no occasion for such a storm.

Railways, hotels, and resorts spend thousands of dollars every year in order to sell their services to people of influence, and no one regards the expenditure as a loss even though no direct financial return has been received. For instance, so wise and well-administered a road as the Canadian Pacific has engineered expeditions of writers and publicists to the Canadian Rockies. They must believe that this expenditure has been justified or it would not have been continued.

Those who argue for a continuation of Government ownership of our shipping must face the fact that the merits or demerits of anything which they propose will never be considered without a partisan squint.

TRYING TO ENFORCE A FOOLISH LAW

CONGRESS in its last session evaded the duty of framing a new and adequate immigration law in place of the cumbrous three per cent act, which is both wrong in principle and impossible of equitable administration. The Immigration Commissioner at New York, Mr. Robert E. Tod, tried his best, we judge, to carry out the law's provisions, but did not receive full support from Washington. One result of the percentage law is that the immigration now comes in irregular waves—large when the quotas are not filled out by the influx, low when the word goes out that there is danger that those who arrive will be sent back. New York of course handles far the largest part of the immigration—sometimes 40,000 people a month, while in July perhaps 60,000 may arrive.



(C) Paul Thompson

HENRY N. CURRAN, NEWLY APPOINTED IMMIGRATION COMMISSIONER AT ELLIS ISLAND

One reason for Mr. Tod's resignation is understood to be that his urgent representations that more and better accommodations and a larger staff of helpers were badly needed have been neglected. It is also stated (not by the Commissioner himself, however) that appeals against his rulings have been upheld too often because of political influence and that there has been lack of co-operation in emergencies where it was desperately needed. He has worked hard to keep Ellis Island clean and comfortable, say social observers who have watched his administration, but has not had physical or moral support. Add to this the inevitable result of such a percentage system as we now have, and it is not surprising that the New York Commissioner has thrown up his hands. A recent newspaper writer says: "Entirely apart from its effects upon the industrial situation, the Immigration Act has been the occasion of an unending series of personal tragedies. The inelasticity of the quota system has divided families in brutal fashion. Mothers have been parted from their children, fathers and sons have been separated, family life has been disrupted cruelly."

Mr. Tod's successor is Major Henry H. Curran, a New York lawyer and publicist of repute, who has been a city magistrate and alderman and President of Manhattan Borough, and was the opponent of Mayor Hylan in the last mayoralty campaign. Like Mr. Tod, he is generally regarded as genuinely desirous of doing useful public service. It is to be hoped that Congress in its next session will make this possible by a thorough overhauling of the whole immigration legislation.

WHAT IS ONE COUNTRY'S DRINK IS ANOTHER COUNTRY'S POISON

CONTROVERSIES are hard to settle when both parties to the disagreement proceed from premises which are diametrically opposed. The best example of this which we have seen in recent years is the bothersome international argument concerning liquor on foreign ships in American ports.

To the average European American prohibition is an unbelievable phenomenon. That a nation should seriously consider abolishing the cup that cheers and that a people should make it a part of the fundamental law of their land that drinks possessing more than one-half of one per cent alcohol should be taboo must seem as unreal to many honest Englishmen and Frenchmen as some of the fantastic adventures of "Alice in Wonderland." Believe it or not as you will, but there are many people in Great Britain and on the Continent who know as little of American sentiment west of the Hudson as the prohibition editor of the New York "World."

The fact that we want our laws obeyed and that we have a right to prescribe the conditions under which foreign vessels shall enter American ports does not seem to weigh very heavily in the arguments advanced by foreign nations. The European does

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not seem to be able to visualize the fact that we dislike to have a fleet of smugglers under foreign flags flying off our coast-line. The fact that we should like to exchange an extension of our coastal waters for a little more lenity in dealing with the habits of foreign sailors in our ports does not seem to mean much to men and governments who cannot understand why we should not welcome the smugglers as a relief from what they regard as our absurd law.

Our Government, by interpretation of its regulations, seems to be willing to deal generously with nations whose habits differ from our own. Apparently we are going to stretch the regulation providing for medicinal liquor to permit it to cover the issue of wine in ships' rations. The fact that we are willing to interpret this regulation so broadly ought to weigh heavily in the balance when the problem of extending our coastal rights is under international consideration. Whether it will or not remains to be seen.

THE INDUSTRIAL COURT OF KANSAS

OPPONENTS of the Kansas Industrial Court have been rejoicing in a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. They are rejoicing too soon, however, if they think that this decision brings Kansas's experiment to an end. If they examine carefully the opinion delivered by Mr. Chief Justice Taft, they will see that a large field is left in which the Kansas Industrial Court may still continue to operate.

The case in which the decision was rendered was brought to the Supreme Court on the appeal of the Charles Wolff Packing Company against an order of the Industrial Court increasing the wages of the Packing Company's employees. The United States Supreme Court upholds the contention of the Packing Company, and thus prevents the members of the Meat Packers' Union from getting the increased wages for which they asked. Thereupon labor unions, strange as it may appear, rejoice. They do not want an industrial court. They prefer to get their increased wages by striking or by threatening to strike. Thus it happens that a decision which appears to be against a labor union is greeted by labor unions as a triumph.

The Kansas law declares the manufacture and preparation of food, the manufacture of clothing, the production of fuel, the transportation of these commodities, and all public utilities and common carriers to be affected with a public interest, and vests the Industrial Court of three judges with power to hear any dispute over terms of employment in any of these industries and, if it finds the public peace and health in peril, to make findings and to fix wages and other terms for the future conduct of the industry.

The Supreme Court finds that "the mere declaration by a Legislature that a business is affected with a public interest is not conclusive of the question whether its attempted regulation on that ground is justified." It accepts railways and other public utilities as coming under that head, and certain other occupations obviously like the running of "inns, cabs, and grist mills." It also recognizes that there are other industries which, "though not public at their inception, may be fairly said to have risen to be such."

It finds, however, that the production of food is not affected with a public interest in any such sense as to justify its exception from ordinary industry. The Court implied that there might be emergencies which would affect the production of food with public interest calling for regulation. The packing company in this case, however, is a comparatively small one. If it should cease to operate, it would not affect the State's supply of this material. Moreover, when the packing company entered upon operations it assumed no obligations of continuing in business, as a railway does, and consequently governmental regulation to provide for continuity of operation was unnecessary and unjustified. So the decision of the Industrial Court is reversed.

It can be readily seen that this decision does not affect decisions of the Industrial Court in cases involving public utilities. It does not necessarily, so far as we can see, prevent the Court from deciding disputes even in the mining industry. And of course it does not prevent the Industrial Court from deciding cases which are brought to it by parties who voluntarily bring, as many parties have done, their cases before the Court under an agreement to abide by its decision.

Although we believe, as we indicate in an editorial on another page concerning the decision of the Railroad Labor Board in the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad, that the solution of industrial problems is not to be ultimately found in any method of compromising disputes between labor and capital as parties at war, but rather in establishing industry on a democratic basis and thus transferring it from a state of chronic war to a state of chronic peace, we think that in the present situation there is a place for such a tribunal as the Kansas Industrial Court and other arbitral bodies under public supervision. The United States Supreme Court has defined at least one limit beyond which such a tribunal cannot act with authority and compulsory power, but it does not destroy it or prevent it from performing very valuable services.

THE ROOSEVELT MEDALS

PRESIDENT HARDING has a very graceful facility in making an occasional address. This happy gift was pleasantly displayed on June 15, when at the White House he presented the gold medals awarded by the Roosevelt Memorial Association to three Americans for distinguished contributions to the progress of our National life in fields of endeavor in which Theodore Roosevelt had been profoundly interested or in which he himself had achieved distinction.

The simple but impressive ceremony took place in the spacious East Room, where there gathered by special invitation a company of twenty-five or thirty persons—Cabinet officers, Ambassadors, Government officials, and private citizens—all of whom had had some kind of special association with Roosevelt during his lifetime. Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, Director of the Memorial Association, announced to the President the names of the medalists with a few well-chosen words defining the services which entitled the recipient to the special mark of honor.

The three medalists were Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, great-granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton, who more than half a century ago was a worker in the Sanitary Commission of the Civil War, a little later founded the first training school for nurses in the United States, and at the age of eighty-six still is active in support of every movement to protect American motherhood and childhood; Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, which is the most complete institution of its kind in the world, and which was one of the backers of Theodore Roosevelt's historical explorations in Africa and South America; and General Leonard Wood, the founder of the Plattsburg training camps, and, it

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THERE IS NO CREATURE LOVES ME

(Richard III, Act V, Scene 3)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

SPEAKING OF FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS—

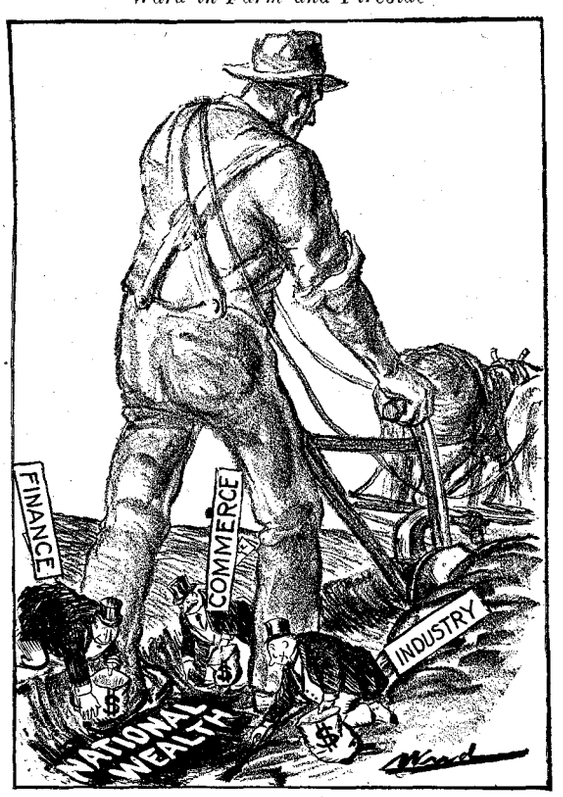
From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gale in the Los Angeles Times

THE JINNY AND THE BOTTLE

From A. R. Green, Huntington Park, Cal.

Ward in Farm and Fireside



THE GLEANERS

From Edward Anthony, New York City

Dorman H. Smith in the Knoxville News

THERE'S A COG LOOSE SOMEWHERE

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

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may be said quite as accurately, the founder of modern Cuba. The medals, which are large and beautiful gold medallions (see the illustration in The Outlook of June 20), were awarded to Miss Schuyler for the Promotion of Interests of Women and Children; to Professor Osborn for the Promotion of Love and Knowledge of Natural History; and to General Wood for the Promotion of the National Defense. Professor Osborn was present in person, but Miss Schuyler could not attend the ceremony by reason of age and illness; and General Wood is of course in the Philippines performing his arduous duty as Governor-General. As proxies, Mrs. Archibald Hopkins received the medal on behalf of Miss Schuyler, and Colonel Kilburn, of the War College, on behalf of General Wood.

The President said of Miss Schuyler:

> There is nothing in life comparable to the inspiration of service, and I would like you to say to the recipient of this medal that it has been a very great pleasure not only to transmit it, and to echo some of the ideals of the great Roosevelt, but to pay to her the tribute of doing that which, to my mind, is the greatest thing in the world.

Of Professor Osborn:

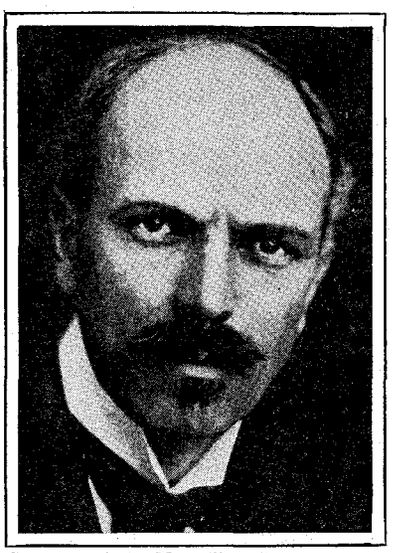
> It is a very rare distinction to have so pursued one's activity as to earn the devoted and trusted friendship of the late Theodore Roosevelt, and it is a very great distinction, sir, to be the head of what is rated the leading institution of its kind in the world.

Of General Wood:

> Like all Americans, I know of the contribution of General Wood to the National defense. I know his spirit of devotion, which has been an inspiration throughout America. I know of the notable service he has already done. And I have a peculiar reason to know of the most distinguished and patriotic service which he is now performing. As in the other cases, I can understand how the spirit of Theodore Roosevelt would rejoice in this bestowal of honor to his intimates whom he greatly trusted and very highly admired. Surely it is a becoming offering on the part of the Roosevelt Memorial Association because it conveys in another form the thought of the mindfulness, the earnestness, the readiness of Colonel Roosevelt to be of service to his country.

One other feature of the occasion is thus described by the New York "Times:"

> The ceremony had a pleasant ending. Three little misses walked sedately up to the President and indicated that they had something to say. They were Blanchette Hooker, Laura Abbott, and Mary Oakley Hagedorn, daughters of Trustees of the Roosevelt Memorial Association. Their part in the ceremony was to present to the President a copy of the report of the Memorial Association, bound in crimson levant and decorated with the shield of the United States.
>
> "When you return to your homes," said the President, "will you say to your fathers that the President said: Everything which is done to preserve the memory and ideals and example of Theodore Roosevelt is a contribution to the patriotic spirit and the confidence of the United States of America."



Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.
MAURICE HEWLETT

ROMANTICIST AND MEDIAEVALIST

An author who could make a descriptive book called "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" poetic surely may be called a romanticist. Maurice Hewlett, who died in England on June 16, was that and more. He was not an old man (he died at the age of sixty-two), but the most notable of his books were written more than twenty years ago; of late years he published little except his Norse tales; in these he moved in an unfamiliar field and made no very strong impression.

In certain of his books Hewlett exerted himself to please his readers; in others he seemed bound to please himself—and the reader might go hang. His first story, "The Forest Lovers," took hold of the popular imagination like fire; it was the best seller of 1898 and is still widely read; it was impassioned, sensuous, and in one or two scenes sensual, but, above all, it was romantic, perfervidly romantic, continuously romantic! It had fancy and glamour enough to keep it out of hopeless sentimentalism, but it certainly was written to please the lovers of lovers.

Compare that with "The Queen's Quair," a tale of the days of Queen Mary, or with "Richard Yea and Nay," a study in fiction of the Lion-Hearted Plantagenet. Critics rightly call these his finest fiction work; but the average novel reader must toil at them rather than devour them, because they were written to satisfy Hewlett's own passion for the quaintness of ancient things, historical legend, and archaic talk—their pages seem tortured, fantastic, artificial, the invention of a connoisseur in the queer and remote, a sort of transforming of Henry James's involutions into terms of olden days, yet with the quality of rich old tapestry." They well repay study, but they positively cannot be skimmed. The average reader of romance will find easier going in Hewlett's delightful short stories; notably fine are the "New Canterbury Tales" and "Little Novels of Italy."

In mid-career Hewlett made a divergence from the romantic and mediæval to modern English country life and social problems. "Open Country" and "Half-Way House" are novels that are excellent without being eccentric; in these stories appears the delightful Jack Senhouse, a lover of freedom, gypsy-like wanderer, planter of great masses of wild flowers on English cliffs and open spaces, ardent lover and true gentleman, a character that lingers long in mind. Why Hewlett did not pursue his evident ability to write pleasing stories of modern life we do not know; possibly he felt himself in the wrong century. When he took up again the archaic vein (perhaps with that puzzle story, "Brazenhead the Great"), one critic observed: "He is back where his fame first found him, tournamenting and adventuring, sallying and sacking, loving and hating, according to the frenzied fashion of the Middle Ages."

The vogue of Hewlett has greatly diminished in the last ten years; he was not Victorian, he was not "modernistic;" he was at heart "a romantic incrusted with the archaic." Some of his books are decidedly worth rereading.

THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP IN GOLF

As on that memorable occasion when

> At midnight, in his guarded tent,
> The Turk was dreaming of the hour
> When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
> Should tremble at his power,

a group of American golfers, both professional and amateur, have been

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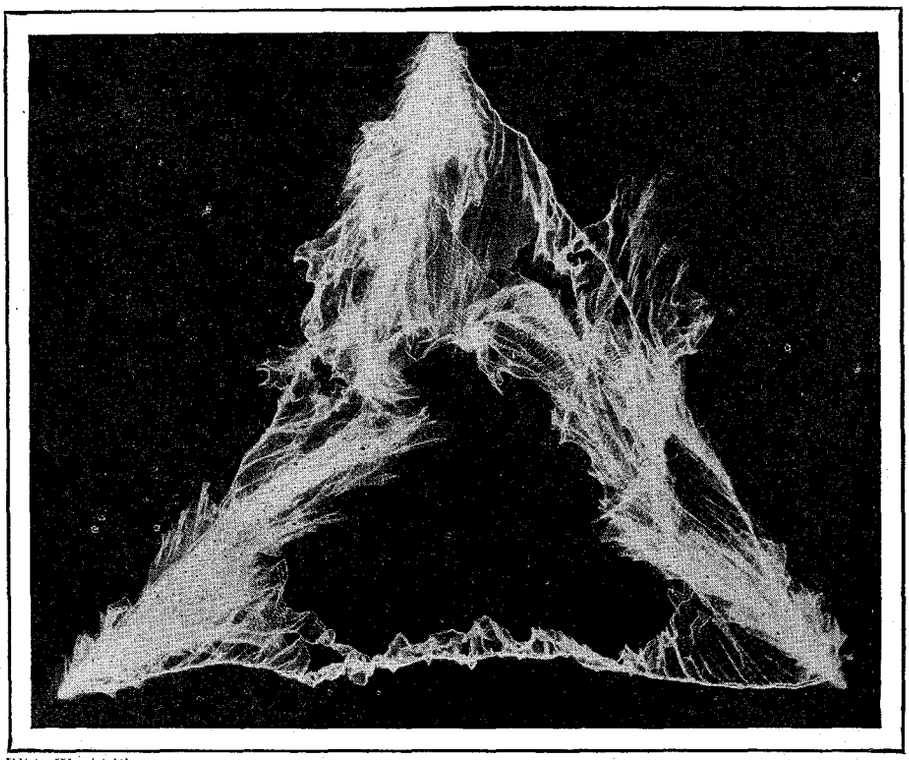
dreaming this spring of making British golfers tremble at their prowess. The best of American amateurs went over and struggled for the amateur championship at Deal and lost. The story of that fight will be told by Robert A. Gardner in next week's issue of The Outlook. A delegation, largely professional, headed by Walter Hagen, later went over and competed for the open championship at Troon, in Scotland, and lost. Walter Hagen, born and brought up in America, having learned his golf as a caddy at Rochester, won the open championship of Great Britain last year. While he failed to retain it this season, he came so near achieving the unparalleled distinction of taking this coveted prize twice in succession from the British that he returns to the United States covered with glory, although fallen in defeat.

The championship was won by a young Britisher, A. B. Havers, by name, whose score for the 72 holes played was 295; Hagen's score was 296. A Scotch-American, MacDonald Smith, made 297, while Joe Kirkwood, the Australian expert, now living in the United States, made 298.

Troon lies on the west coast of Scotland, just south of Glasgow. It is a seaside course with many natural bunkers and sand hills, but not as difficult a course as Prestwick, which adjoins it. Practically everybody at Troon plays golf. The tradesmen and artisans can finish their day's work and have a round in the long Scottish twilight. If you go into a barber shop for a shave, you are likely to find that the man who is ministering to your hirsute comfort made a 73 or a 74 the evening previous. If, as a visiting American, you are interested in literature as well as golf, it is only a few minutes from Troon to Ayr, the center of the traditions and legends of Bobby Burns, and if you can't drive over Troon's most famous and redoubtable sand bunker, you can console yourself by taking a cab and later in the afternoon driving over "The Brigs of Ayr." Thus are golf and poetry closely intertwined on the "banks and braes of Bonny Doon."

THE PROBLEM OF TRANSPOLAR FLIGHT

IN this week's issue of The Outlook appears an article on Amundsen's proposed flight across the North Pole. It is by Burt M. McConnell, who has had wide experience as an aviator in our Army and as an explorer with Stefansson in the Arctic. As we go to press newspaper despatches report that Amundsen has temporarily abandoned his plans because of the failure of his plane in a trial flight. Whether or not this abandonment is permanent remains to be seen. It will be recalled that when Amundsen started for the South Pole, which he was the first to reach, he announced publicly that he had no intention of making an expedition to the South Pole. Whether or not he carries out his present project detracts nothing from the interest in Mr. McConnell's article as a vivid portrayal of the conditions which face any one attempting to traverse the polar regions in an airplane.



Wide World Photos

A 1,500,000 VOLT SPARK BETWEEN TERMINALS SEPARATED NINE FEET. ITS SPIDERWEB-LIKE APPEARANCE IS CAUSED BY THE PATHS OF THE CURRENT TAKEN SUCCESSIVELY DURING THE SHORT EXPOSURE OF THE PLATE

DUPLICATING THE LIGHTNING

RESEARCH engineers of the General Electric Company have announced the results of a series of spectacular experiments in which electric currents in the form of lightning-discharges at the enormous pressure of 2,000,000 volts have been made to jump across a space of eighteen feet, to exhibit weird and startling light effects, and to rend apart blocks of hardwood as if they were struck by actual lightning. According to Dr. Steinmetz, the voltages employed in the experiments represent as much as one-twenty-fifth of that which sends the bolt from cloud to cloud. Heretofore the power of the lightning has seemed so far beyond the comparatively insignificant power of anything analogous produced by man that it has been felt that no valid conclusions concerning its apparently capricious action could be drawn. Now, with the greatly increased voltages used in the new experiments, it seems reasonably demonstrable that the electric current of nature is of a piece with and does obey the same natural laws as that generated by man. Given this knowledge, we shall be in a better position to guard against lightning, although for fundamental reasons the dream of utilizing its power remains as much of a dream as ever.

When we have learned to control electricity at pressures of upwards of a million volts and to keep it within desired bounds, we shall be able to transmit electric power economically over thousands of miles. To-day we have little difficulty in the actual generation of the electric pressures which would be necessary to span this distance, but, having generated them, we have not yet learned how to control them. They are so great and their desire to escape is so insistent that our insulation cannot constrain them. The current leaks off into the atmosphere and earth and is wasted. Dazzling brush effects surround the wires with crackling coronas of purple light, and power is needlessly consumed in breaking down the atom into ions and electrons.

The greatest voltage thus far used in a practical long-distance transmission line is 225,000 volts, and that pressure was found necessary for

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driving electricity from the Sierra Nevadas to Los Angeles, a distance of only three hundred miles. If we wish to increase this distance, we must increase the voltage in proportion, and, since ultimate plans are being made to send power over wires many times this length, it will be necessary to multiply the voltage accordingly. Unfortunately, we seem for the time to have reached the limit of the ability of our equipment to withstand high electric pressures, and the experiments of the General Electric Company are largely for the purpose of gaining from actual trial rather than from theory the data that will point out what advances in the design of equipment are needed before the progress of long-distance electric power transmission can go on.

THE FLIGHT OF A PRESIDENT

THE flight and resignation of Li Yuan-hung, President of the Chinese Republic, are symptomatic of the formless condition of all national government in China. The bloodless revolution that resulted in Li's overthrow was headed by General Feng, who was in command of certain troops outside Peking, and by the chief of the city's police force, both of whom demanded back pay for their men. When, however, Li arrived at Tientsin, according to reports of June 17, he withdrew his resignation as made under duress and is said to be seeking an alliance with Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria.

The revolt did not represent wide national discontent, nor does it indicate desire to return to Imperial rule; it was simply the crumbling of a nominal government unable to enforce its own decrees even in local matters. The long delay in dealing with the recent seizure by bandits of foreigners, all of whom have now been released, was another symptom of the same lack of centralized power and purpose. The old saying, that the word China is merely "a geographical expression" is recalled.

A despatch to Washington from Shanghai, in which the American Association of China and the American Chamber of Commerce of Shanghai united, said that conditions were worse than they have been since the Boxer outrages and that "American lives and liberty are endangered and their prestige and business are being destroyed by lack of strong action."

A pleasing pen picture of President Li Yuan-hung's personality and that of his wife was given in an article by Mrs. Grace Thompson Seton in The Outlook of June 6. He sent through her a friendly message to this country, expressed his belief that education and industry were what China most needs, and asked the assistance of America in bringing this about.

That China needs guidance and help is obvious enough; but just how they may be applied is a perplexing problem.

Underwood
ALEXANDER STAMBULISKY, LATE "PEASANT PREMIER" OF BULGARIA

BULGARIA'S FUGITIVE PRIME MINISTER KILLED

AT first bloodless, the revolution in Bulgaria has now been stained with the blood of the former Prime Minister.

Disguised as a chauffeur, the fugitive leader of the peasants, Alexander Stambulisky, was endeavoring to get into communication with his adherents when he was discovered and arrested. While he was under guard a group of peasants, it is said, tried to rescue him. In the ensuing fight he was shot. This is the story; but it is by no means certain that he was not assassinated.

Courageous, dominating, gifted with a large physique, a thunderous voice, and a countenance capable of almost theatrical fierceness, Stambulisky was fitted for the rôle which he had played. At the outbreak of the war he withstood King Ferdinand to his face, and in consequence suffered imprisonment. After the war the peasants, outraged by the fiasco, made Stambulisky virtual dictator. While in power he was on good terms with the Allies, and secured from them concessions for his defeated country. Though accusations of irregularity both personal and official were made against him, none, so far as we know, have been proved. He was ambitious and uncompromising. His death will not help the new Government to gain the confidence of the peasants, who form a large majority of the population.

INDUSTRIAL WAR OR INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATION

WHEN the United States Railroad Labor Board was established, it was not provided with power to enforce its decisions. The labor unions have always been opposed to compulsory arbitration as a menace to their liberty of using the strike as a weapon. As a result, therefore, the decision of the Railroad Labor Board against the Pennsylvania Railroad has no other effect than a public rebuke from an administrative body of the United States Government. The effectiveness of such a rebuke depends wholly upon the public opinion which can be mustered in its support. If that rebuke truly represents American public opinion, the Pennsylvania Railroad will have great difficulty in withstanding it. We do not believe that it does represent public opinion. There is, however, an element of irony in the situation; for the first outstanding decision which has been tested and sustained in the courts is one which is in favor of the unions and yet remains unenforceable largely because the unions were opposed to all enforceable decisions.

The case arose because the Railroad Labor Board ordered the Pennsylvania virtually to negotiate with the Nationally organized shop crafts unions. The Pennsylvania Railroad, on the other hand, preferred to deal with the organized body of its own employees and with no other body. In the one case the railway shopmen throughout the country are organized in antagonism to the management of all railways; in the other case the employees of the railway system are organized to negotiate and co-operate with the management of that system. By choosing to deal with the organized body of its own employees rather than join with the other railways in negotiating with the whole body of railway employees throughout the country the Pennsylvania Railroad was enabled to maintain its schedule throughout the

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great railway strike without any material interruption of its service, without inconvenience to the public, and without any injustice to its own employees.

The Railroad Labor Board objects to the Pennsylvania's method because it is not the one contemplated in the act of Congress providing for the establishment of the Board. The Board says in its decision rebuking the Pennsylvania Railroad:

> The problem of efficient and uninterrupted railway transportation is of paramount importance to the people of this country. The peaceful adjustment of labor controversies greatly contributes to this end. The method provided by Congress for the settlement of labor disputes has been honored and observed by carriers and employees in an overwhelming number of instances. . . . No other railroad in the United States has taken a position similar to that adopted by the Pennsylvania in this case.

The right of the Railroad Labor Board to issue this decision has been sustained by the United States Supreme Court, and the Railroad Labor Board has said that it supposed by appealing this case to the Board the railway meant to obey the decision if it was sustained. The railway has not, however, obeyed it, and the Railroad Board therefore rebukes the railway for contumacy.

There are two methods of organizing relations between capital and labor in industry.

One method is to array organized labor throughout the country against organized capital. This is a method of war. It assumes that the interests of those who are managing industries are opposed to the interests of those who are contributing to those industries their labor. It assumes that the only way to secure peace is to set up an intervening body of some kind which will so far as possible prevent the outbreak of hostilities. It assumes that in the absence of any such regulating body the settlement of any misunderstanding will be by means of a strike. It consequently lays emphasis upon the power of the intervening regulative body to restrain the two combatants. A defiance, therefore, of this regulating body is interpreted under this method as provocative of conflict and disturbance.

The other method is to organize the management and the wage-earners of any concern or corporation in a common organization. The object of organization according to this method is not to restrain two combatants, but to promote co-operation between those elements in the concern which have different functions but a common interest. This form of organization is commonly called the Shop Committee, though it may not be a committee in the ordinary sense. It assumes various forms, but has this one thing in common—that it is not organized on a war basis, that it is not for the purpose of compromising conflicting interests, but of finding a common ground for common interests.

There can be no doubt under which form of organization can be found the greatest promise for peaceable and just industrial development. So long as industry is regarded as a war, it is right that one side shall be as fully and fairly organized as the other, so that each side may have its just rights backed by power. It is also right that so long as industry is on a war basis there should be a powerful regulative body, impartial and authoritative. But the better way is not to organize on a war basis, but on a basis of justice and co-operation.

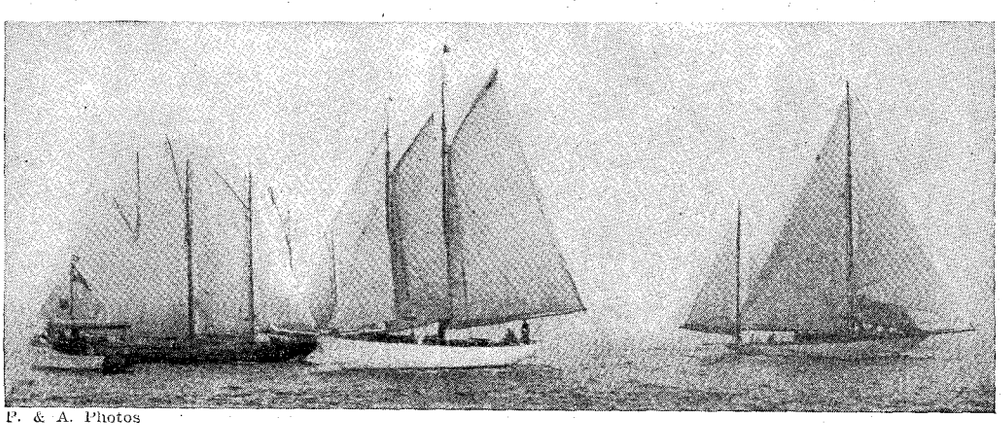
It is highly to the credit of the Pennsylvania Railroad that it has chosen the method of peace and justice rather than the method of war for its organized dealing with its employees. It is highly to the credit of the Pennsylvania Railroad that it has held fast to its principles in spite of great pressure. In refusing to abide by the decision of the Railroad Labor Board it is breaking no law. It is, on the contrary, appealing now from the Railroad Board and from the courts to the public opinion which is the only enforcing power in the law to-day. We hope and believe that public opinion, taking into account the record of the Pennsylvania Railroad during the past strike, in maintaining peaceful and cordial relations with its employees when other roads were in a desperate fight, will sustain the Pennsylvania Railroad and give impetus to the movement for the principle of the Shop Committee.

AMHERST COLLEGE IN THE LIMELIGHT

ONE would think from the accounts in the daily newspapers that the horrors of despotism and repression which Oxford suffered under the Restoration are being repeated at Amherst College, where President Meiklejohn is the center of a very pretty row involving undergraduates, professors, alumni, citizens of the beautiful New England village of Amherst, and the Board of Trustees of the College.

The known facts of the case are very simple—some of the Trustees, some of the Faculty, and some of the alumni want President Meiklejohn to retire, and some of these various

HERE is the start of the ocean yacht race to Bermuda. The Outlook has asked Herbert L. Stone, editor of "Yachting" and one of the contestants in the race, to write the story of the voyage from New London to Bermuda. We hope to publish this article in an early issue.



P. & A. Photos

THIS IS PART OF THE FLEET THAT STARTED FOR BERMUDA FROM NEW LONDON. MEMORY, THE FIRST VESSEL TO CROSS THE FINISH LINE, IS SHOWN AT THE RIGHT

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groups want him to remain. While these facts are plain and simple, the causes that brought about this unfortunate condition are obscure. Some of the younger graduates and undergraduates—and the younger they are, the more earnestly they express themselves—appear to believe that the Trustees wish to remove President Meiklejohn because of his pacifist tendencies, or radical tendencies, or anti-professional athletic tendencies, or a tendency to develop in the undergraduate freedom and initiative of thought without sufficient consideration of conventional social, political, or theological creeds.

President Meiklejohn was born in England about fifty years ago; came to America as a boy; was graduated from Brown University thirty years ago; and has been President of Amherst about ten years. His department in education is that of philosophy and metaphysics. He is a man of gentle and pacific character, with much personal charm, and believes that a small college like Amherst should be a place primarily for intellectual development, and that size, publicity, material display, and athletics should be incidental. In standing for these ideas, some of which are contrary to the general trend of American college life, he has apparently won the confidence of the undergraduate body to a large extent, but for some reason he has created dissension in the Faculty and among the alumni, and has excited anxiety in the Board of Trustees. This anxiety seems to be justified. For it is a fact that this division of opinion among Amherst men, which has been smoldering three or four years, has suddenly burst into a flame that threatens, if not to destroy, at any rate to greatly damage the College and to obstruct and interfere with its work.

The public ought not to be misled by the sensational newspaper reports that the problem of the Trustees is to determine whether President Meiklejohn is a dangerous pacifist and liberal. What they have to decide is whether a college president who, perhaps through no fault of his own, gets everybody by the ears is the right kind of an administrator, no matter how fine his personality or commendable his philosophy of life and education may be. Occasionally martyrs like Savonarola or Nathan Hale are necessary to social progress, but an essential factor of the success of their martyrdom must be their willingness to "take their medicine." Occasionally leaders of rebellion are necessary, but, like Washington or Cromwell, they must be big enough to turn their rebellion into successful revolution by winning the confidence of all their colleagues and associates. De Valeras are not any more successful as administrators in the field of education than they are in the field of politics. If the prime question before the body of Amherst alumni is, Shall the educational philosophy of President Meiklejohn be sustained at all hazards, no matter what happens to the College? then they ought to rally around him. If the real question is, Shall Amherst College, with one hundred years of fine educational history behind it, go on progressively in its work? then the alumni ought to sustain the Board of Trustees in their endeavor to find a President who can harmonize liberal thought and progressive ideals with the ordinary humdrum daily grind of carrying on an organization.

L. F. A.

BEAVER REVISITED

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

FORTY years ago—and one year more, to be exact—when I was a youngster just out of college, I went with a cousin into the woods of northwestern Maine on a fishing trip. My cousin was only a few years older than I, but he cast a fly with a supple wrist and knew with the knowledge of an expert the lurking and variable habits of that most alluring of all fresh-water fish, the beautiful speckled brook trout.

We started from the village of Rangeley, then a hamlet at the headwaters of civilization, but now become the sophisticated resort in August of white-flanneled tennis players and young women, gossamer clad, floating about in canoes at twilight.

We had of course a guide, John by name, a long, lean, sinewy Yankee, forty-five or fifty years of age, whose strength and resourcefulness in times of emergency were equaled only by his Munchausen powers of exaggeration in his hours of ease. I do not recollect John's patronymic, but I do recall his incubator story. The incubator had just about that time been introduced into commercial poultry raising, and my cousin, who as a young engineer was much interested in electricity and thermostatics, described it to me one evening as we sat in front of the camp-fire. John, to whom the word incubator was as meaningless as a Greek participle, listened quietly until he got the hang of the idea, and then drawlingly remarked:

"You may talk about your incubators, but I callate a brother o' mine down t' Augusty had a hen thet's got 'em all beat. She 'uz the all-firedest setter 't you ever see, and fin'ly, jest t' see what she *would* do, m' brother took 'n' filled a nail-kaig with a gross of eggs, after knockin' the head o' the kaig out, and sot the old hen on the bung-hole, 'n' she hatched out a hundred 'n' forty-three 'z nice chicks 'z you ever see, thet lived to a fine broilin' age, every one of 'em!"

John had been a sailor in his youth on a Maine-built schooner trading with the West Indies, but, with that Jack-of-all-trades spirit which was so characteristic of the older generations of "Down-East" Yankees, he had taken to lumbering, and thus become a thorough woodsman. At the time we engaged him he had abandoned the life of the lumber camp and spent his winters in earning a frigid but fairly remunerative livelihood by trapping for fur. Our destination was his winter camp, a small and primitive log cabin on the shore of Beaver Pond, thirteen miles due north in the wilderness from Kennebago Lake. In those days there was no lumbering in that region, and very little fishing except by a few adventurous amateurs of the woods, like ourselves, who were willing to rough it as the fur trappers roughed it. Along the twisting, stony, root-infested trail, obstructed now and then by a fallen spruce, over which we had to scramble or under which we had to crawl, we packed our own provisions. Under these conditions, it may be readily guessed that the provisions were of the simplest kind—corn-meal, salt pork, potatoes, and

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coffee, with a reasonable amount of sugar. There was no butter, of course, although there may have been a little condensed milk. We depended upon the trout we should catch to make the *pièce de résistance* of our meals. And we caught them! At sunset, I remember, the surface of the pond fairly boiled with the rising fish. But there was no light, lap-streaked boat to fish from. We cast our flies from the shore or from a rude raft which John had made at some earlier time.

Beaver is one of the now famous Seven Ponds, at present controlled by the Megantic Fish and Game Club, within whose preserve they are situated. "We are seven," they might say with Wordsworth's little maid: two that lie under Snow Mountain—these are Big Island and L; two that have wandered towards Kennebago—these are Secret and Beaver; two that in the deep woods hide—these are Grant and Little Island; and Rock, the smallest of the seven, that snuggles up to Big Island.

That visit to Beaver Pond nearly half a century ago made a great impression upon me. It was my first contact with the mystery and aloofness of the primeval forest. Gradually, however, it became a mere impression. John departed; my cousin departed; and finally the contour and setting of the pond itself faded in what the English lake poet calls the shadowy moonlight of memory.

But now it has all come back. For, as Wordsworth wrote of "Yarrow Revisited"—

> Flow on forever, Yarrow Stream!
> Fulfill thy pensive duty,
> Well pleased that future bards should chant
> For simple hearts thy beauty—

so I may try to write—not as a bard but as a mere newspaper correspondent—of "Beaver Revisited."

As I rounded a turn in the trail and a glint of silvery water came through the spruce and the birches I felt a little touch of anxiety. Should I recognize an old friend or would the face of the pond be strange and unfamiliar? No, there it was, but for the little cluster of fishermen's log cabins just as I had left it years ago. Every detail came back into the vision of my mind clear and distinct—Boil Mountain blue in the distance, the dark-green cedars on the rocky shore, behind them rising tier on tier the still darker spruces, lightened here and there by the delicate spring foliage of the slender white birches with the fine black tracery of their supple twigs and branches, "making one think," said the only sportswoman of the party, "of a filmy lace veil spotted with green silk." There was the very same sedgy, pebbly landing-place where our raft was moored, and from a cove on the farther side of the pond a great blue heron rose on slowly flapping wing, just as his grandsire used to rise at the reverberating report of John's single-barreled interchangeable rifle and shotgun. It is rare, I suppose, that a man may visit one of the scenes of his boyhood and find it so utterly unchanged.

When I began this simple sketch, I meant to tell how it happened that Beaver was revisited; how a New York friend invited me to pay a visit to his fishing camp on Big Island Pond in company with himself, his hospitable wife, and a jovial playwright, whose next play—some of it written in the intervals of fishing and all of it discussed in front of a blazing birchwood fire—I advise you to see when it is produced. I meant to try to describe the twenty-mile trip by automobile from the last available railway station on the Canadian border over a road so rough that the radiator boiled out half a dozen times and had to be refilled from wayside pools with improvised birch-bark cups; the twelve-mile hike through the virgin forest and across unexpected lakes and ponds; the renewal of my acquaintance, scarcely more than a speaking one, with the five-ounce rod and the perversely fluttering Silver Doctor and Parmachene Belle; the two ever-ready guides—Yankee Charles, the taciturn, and French-Canadian Joe, the quizzical; the elation at striking and landing my first and, I regret to add, my only two-pound trout; the satisfaction at catching with the harmless, skill-demanding barbless hook sixty or seventy per cent of the strikes, some of them fish of a pound in weight; the soothing and somnolent sound of the rain pattering in the dark on our snug cabin roof; the lumbering porcupine who had to be shot one night close by the camp because of his destructive sneak-thievery; the delicious dinners and suppers of trout and bacon and coffee cooked by the guides on the shore of some near-by pond to which we had made a fishing excursion; the pink and white trillium blooming in the moss beside a slow-melting patch of snow, the first harbinger of a tardy summer and the last vestige of a reluctantly departing winter; the silvery, elfin piping of the white-throated

2,000

of The Outlook's Book Lovers have been awaiting this announcement impatiently.

It tells the story of the winners in The Outlook's prize contest which called for answers to the question

"WHAT BOOKS MEAN TO ME"

FIRST PRIZE

RALPH RICHMOND
12 Ormond Place
New Rochelle, New York

SECOND PRIZE

FRED L. PALMER
Hamilton College
Clinton, New York

THIRD PRIZE

"K. W. R."
Jefferson County, West Virginia

FOURTH PRIZES

Mrs. KATHERINE CARR WILSON, 432 North Broadway, Amityville, Long Island; HELEN M. FRANCIS, 441 Union Street, Hudson, New York; KATHERINE L. KELLY, 78 Fairmount Avenue, Oakland, California; R. S. DECK, Williamsburg District High School, Williamsburg, West Virginia; KATHRO MASON, 106 West 13th Street, New York City; MABEL K. RICHARDSON, University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota; "ELLEN KNAP," Brookline, Massachusetts.

Whew! We are glad that this contest is off our hands! The job of picking the winners was so hard that, after choosing the candidates for the three prizes we offered, we had to award seven unexpected fourth prizes for the runners-up. There may be some things we do not know about Outlook readers, but there is one thing we do know: they love good books. We shall publish the prize-winning letters in early issues.

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sparrow and the wild and melancholy wailing of the loon; the ever-changing hues of the lake at sunset, lending it the aspect of a great opal lying in the green enamel of its mountain setting.

But I despair of giving any city reader the least impression of all these delights which man has not yet succeeded in destroying with his sawmills and paper machines. Only a John Muir, a Richard Jefferies, a George Borrow, or a W. H. Hudson could do it.

Yesterday afternoon, as we sat upon the cabin porch, with a little chattering red squirrel running in and out among the young poplars and seedling spruces at our feet, the chatelaine, herself a lover of the woods and wood life, read to us from a book of Hudson's. It was his "Adventures Among Birds," and the story she read was that of "the cardinal with his splendid scarlet crest"—a charming study of bird life. It is surprising with what apparently simple pencil strokes Hudson succeeds in bringing the most vivid pictures of South American pampas or English hedgerows before the reader's eyes. An evening or two before we had read aloud, among other things, O. Henry's "The Last of the Troubadours," saturated with the Spanish sunlight, languor, and chivalry of southwestern Texas, to my mind one of the most perfect examples that can be found of the art of short-story writing, as good as any of the Provençal stories of Mistral or Alphonse Daudet and as sparingly told—a veritable little masterpiece. This sketch of Hudson's and this story of Henry's are full of what the artist calls "atmosphere," a much-abused and overworked word, I dare say, but nevertheless it really means something. For atmosphere is the breath of life; and it is not the external and material things of nature that are beautiful; the beauty lies only in what we breathe from them into our inmost spirit. To say this is of course only to say that beauty is intangible, mystical, inexpressible—a truth to which utterance was never given more clearly than in Keats's sonnet on Chapman's Homer. This elusive intangibility of beauty is the reason why, unable to express our inmost feelings even to ourselves, we often turn, after wallowing in the tawdriness and realism of best-selling fiction, to the spiritual refreshment always to be had from writers of poetic insight and imagination.

The Megantic Fish and Game Club,
Big Island, Maine, June 3, 1923.

A MOUNTAINEER POPE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ROME

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

TO-DAY, in company with others, I had the privilege of taking the Pope "by the hand" and hearing his voice.

Of course it was in his palace—"the Prisoner of the Vatican" could not live anywhere else.

We entered at the right of St. Peter's by the Scala Regia, up to the great court of San Damaso, and then up another staircase and through Raphael's Loggie—the enchanting frescoes detaining us despite our engagement—and then through a succession of magnificent private apartments until we came to the Pope's reception rooms.

We had been guided upstairs by the so-called Swiss Guard, who still wear the picturesque multicolored costume (albeit far too gay for the service of an ecclesiastic) designed by Michelangelo. Then we were taken in charge by the Papal domestic servants in their rich crimson-brocade dress. They are a portly looking set, their portliness accentuated by the comparative slimness of their knee-breeches and crimson stockings.

The entry of his Holiness was immediately preceded by that of two of his domestic prelates, but was unaccompanied by any procession such as I had seen in the Vatican when I looked at that wonderful old man Leo XIII, his face the color of alabaster but his eyes shining with hidden fires as of youth in spite of his more than ninety years; or as I had seen when I looked on the saintlier, if ruddier, face of his successor, Pius X, the peasant Pope, whom the Church would even thus early canonize.

As did Pius X, so Pius XI comes from the northern mountain slopes and has the solid strength of the northern mountain peoples. He has also the scholarly quality of Leo XIII. Query: Has he also the broad and far-seeing sympathies of that pontiff, the first to make the Church emphatically register itself on the side of labor, as one of the two figures on his tomb in the Church of St. John Lateran fitly symbolizes?

There was plenty of opportunity to study the personality of the present Pope as he advanced around the room from one to another of those who had asked for this audience. As I looked at him I somehow felt as if in the presence of a mountain—not merely a physical substance, but a mountain become human, intelligent, benevolent. None of the Pope's portraits do him justice in this respect. In them all his remarkable face seems too massive and almost smug; its real expression escapes you. Aside from his great physical force, he looks not only like a scholar (as might become his many years of librarian service at the Ambrosiana in Milan or at the Vatican Library here), he looks also like a very practical man. You also gain from his expression a sense of his conscientious devotion to duty and of not a little independence in the doing of it. This was shown when the Pope was Legate in Poland, when he was Archbishop and Cardinal at Milan, and at the time of his election as Supreme Pontiff here in Rome.

Pius XI's face is the most attractive part of him. His body is not graceful and bears little relation to that of an Apollo; its girth is emphasized by the pontifical white robe. All the same, it impresses you with immense physical force and robustness and reserve power, as is certainly appropriate in one who has been a great mountaineer. No priest has ever celebrated mass at such a height as has he, and in 1889 he made the first crossing of Monte Rosa from the Italian side—that is to say, from Macucagna to Zermatt. In the bulletin of the Italian Alpine Club of that year you may read an article by Professor Achille Ratti describing that crossing. The Professor is now Pope.

I translate a phrase or two from that description. It is night and the writer is surrounded by "a solemn silence, an infinitude sparkling with stars: . . . All around are enormous masses and sublime peaks, a projection and a meeting of gigantic shadows on the white stretch of snow and ice. . . . Up here everything is grand—the encircling masses and the separating distances, the general and the particular landscape lines. Just because all is thus, the grandeur of the various parts does not escape notice, but at the same time becomes absorbed in the harmony of the whole.

"This also happens in the great works of man's art. Take St. Peter's

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and the approach to it. Both are colossal, and yet so harmonize that the eye at once sees the separate parts united in magnificent simplicity. So the Alpinist knows that the artist simply imitates nature. It is only in such imitation that man's art establishes closer relationship with that of God, the first artificer of everything beautiful."

To transplant this stout northern mountaineer of known liberal sympathies to a Vatican imprisonment in the south for the rest of his life would seem to be both a grim fate for him and, for the Church, to put a bull in a china shop. Whether the independent Achille Ratti has already broken any conventional Vatican china no one knows with certainty. What is known is that he began independently enough to have done some damage to the feelings of the reactionaries. But little by little he is, so it is said, succumbing to the Vatican atmosphere—as witness the soft pedal put on the Modernists at the end of last year. That would hardly indicate any very independent disposition, say his critics. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that the soft pedal precedes the loud.

The homesick Pius X, that other Pope from the north, always kept his return ticket to Venice, so the story goes, tucked in the mirror of his bedroom. He had bought that return ticket in good faith, for he had not the faintest notion, when he journeyed to Rome after Leo XIII's death, that the choice of the Conclave of Cardinals would fall on the Patriarch of Venice. But it did, despite that patriarch's protestations of unworthiness, due to his humble origin, in which, I doubt not, was mingled the devotion to the Veneto he passionately loved.

Perhaps, when he came to Rome to attend the latest Conclave of Cardinals, Achille Ratti, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, may have had higher hopes. Yet here again, though perhaps not so strikingly, the chances seemed against the erudite author of the "Acta Ecclesiæ Mediolanensis," the "Missale Ambrosianum," and some seventy learned dissertations and discourses. Nevertheless he was the final choice, not at all because he was an expert in bibliographical lore, but because it had not dried up his great humaneness and executive ability, and because these qualities had been well shown both in his Polish sojourn and in his Milan Archbishopric.

Thirty-five years ago he became librarian at the Ambrosiana, and there remained until promoted to the charge of the Vatican Library. As an indication of his appreciation of manuscripts and books and works of art, I would like to quote a phrase from his description of the precious Codex of Leonardo da Vinci at the Ambrosiana, containing sketches by that master. "One feels," he said, "and one must always feel the need of going back to it. For to it belongs the power of putting us in what seems almost physical and palpitating contact with the great genius who once bent over these very pages with portentous hand, strong as an athlete's and gentle as an angel's."

What of the future? It needs a mountaineer Pope. It needs a man who has such strength—physical, mental, spiritual—as the present Pope has. It needs a man of good sense such as the present Pope. No matter how necessary the Cardinals may deem it that he play to the bitter end the rôle of being a prisoner in the Vatican, it is on the spiritual rather than on the temporal side that Pius XI must make his mark in history.

The events of this very spring right here in Rome are giving him an opportunity of showing the fiber that is in him. Many men are asking whether he will, like Athanasius, stand against the world—that is, the Catholic world as interpreted by Vatican traditions. These are days of sudden and unexpected flux in political, social, and religious tides. Has Pius XI the prevision to take account of them before they burst upon him, paralyzing belated effort?

He numbers friends without as well as within his own communion. He numbers well-wishers all over the world. He may not have the aristocratic distinction, the shrewd astuteness, or the simple piety of some of his predecessors, yet he may be, more than they would have been, the man for the moment.

Rome, Italy.

PASSPORTS AND VISAS

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

THE present situation as regards passports, visas, and citizenship in practically every country in the world is urgently in need of revision, and the government authorities of the larger countries of Europe are now strongly in favor of an international conference in which the United States would be adequately represented. An attempt would be made at such a conference to obtain some uniformity of international regulations for travelers, and the great value of such a conference to the American Government would be the opportunity presented to explain the reasons for certain features of American law and practice which are not now understood and which have caused considerable irritation and even attempts at retaliation. The charge of ten dollars made by the United States for an American visa on a foreign passport, or, in other words, a permit to go to the United States, is quite generally looked upon abroad as an imposition, and in an attempt to get even American citizens are charged the equivalent of ten dollars for visas to several of the European countries.

It is not understood in Europe that by far the greater number of travelers to the United States are of the emigrant class and that the American Government is put to a large expense in handling this traffic. The arriving immigrant is taken to Ellis Island as a guest of the Government, and there he and his belongings have to be disinfected, deloused, and otherwise made safe for democracy before he can be turned loose upon the community, and it is held with some apparent justice that the newcomer should stand at least part of the expense. The Englishman or Italian who crosses the ocean first class on a fast steamer feels outraged at having to pay ten dollars for his American permit or visa, but, as it would obviously be impossible to differentiate in the charge between different classes of society, he is compelled to pay as much as the steerage passenger, who necessarily undergoes an expensive cleansing operation on landing.

More or less as a retaliatory measure the British and Italian Governments, among others, now charge the American citizen the equivalent of ten dollars for a visa or permit to visit Great Britain or Italy, although other nationals can get the same permit or visa for about two dollars. The result may possibly be satisfactory in the matter of direct revenue, and the resulting hope that this action will induce the American Government to reduce its charges, but it has been noted by those whose business it is to keep track of such matters that probably both Great Britain and Italy are indirectly heavy losers thereby. It is known that hundreds of American visitors to Europe have gone direct to France since this regulation came into force, instead of traveling to the Continent via England, to avoid the neces-

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sity for obtaining an English visa, and it is known that the Italian discrimination against Americans has notably decreased the tourist travel to that country. In many cases it is not the actual amount which has brought this about, but the feeling of exasperation at the discrimination. In neither England nor Italy is there any expense attached to admitting Americans, and they probably leave more of their money at the port of debarkation than the cost of getting them ashore. There is no discrimination in the American law, as all foreigners are charged alike; and it may be added that, with the present charge by the American Government of ten dollars for a passport for an American citizen as compared with the British charge of less than two dollars for a British passport for a British citizen, the American is placed by his own country on the same basis as a foreigner in the matter of expense when he starts to travel. It is just as expensive for an American to get out of the United States as it is for a foreigner to get in.

By a reciprocal arrangement between Great Britain and nearly all the countries of western Europe, the notable exceptions being Russia and Sweden, the nationals of these countries are not required to have visas on their passports when exchanging visits. The visa system as maintained by Great Britain in the case of some countries is as much for the benefit of the traveler as for the protection of the British. There are, for instance, severe restrictions upon the admission of Russians to Great Britain, and if no visas were required hundreds of these people would arrive at British ports, only to find their journey had been in vain. The necessity of getting a visa before beginning their journey gives the British passport officer the opportunity of letting them know whether or not they would be admitted. The American visa serves a similar purpose, especially since immigration has been restricted, for when the quotas for the year are filled the American consuls issue no more visas until another quota is due. The quota allowed for Great Britain for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923, is about 77,000. The American consuls are kept informed, and are able to save many people an expensive and disappointing journey. The cases of Great Britain and the United States are exceptional, however, and many of the European countries, especially those with a depreciated currency, are keeping up an entirely unjustifiable visa system for revenue only.

The proper life for a passport is also a much discussed question. The English passport is now issued for two years. It is shortly to be issued for five years, with provision for an extension of five years more. The American passport before the war was good for two years. It is now issued for one year with a one-year extension. Two years is a very short time, and the expense and trouble of keeping an American passport alive are considerable. It is held that the United States cannot well issue passports good for more than two years, owing to a provision in the law which requires a naturalized citizen to either return to America after a two years' residence abroad in the country of his origin or else show good reason why he should not forfeit his rights of citizenship. It might be possible, however, to relieve native-born Americans of some of the present disadvantages of living in a foreign country by giving such a national a passport with a longer life than is issued to a naturalized citizen. There would certainly be no unjust discrimination in doing this.

There has been a great deal of talk and agitation in favor of doing away with passports altogether, thus getting back to the pre-war days of unrestricted travel. It is a great pity that this cannot be brought about, for much of the machinery is expensive and troublesome to governments and travelers, and as a precautionary measure of safety it is largely a farce, for there are many ways in which the laws can be evaded. There is no hope, however, that any of the larger European countries will give up the demand for a passport from every traveler for many years to come. It is looked upon as a measure of public safety, and with all countries requiring the registration of aliens a passport becomes a practical necessity. It is the general opinion of all experts, however, that, if possible, the visa system should be done away with by reciprocal arrangements, and it now only remains for Great Britain and the United States to come to some workable arrangement for a larger part of the Western Hemisphere to be freed of this curse of modern travel.

The whole question of citizenship has been thrown into confusion in Europe by recent numerous and rapid changes in political boundaries. There are several million people now in Europe who can get no passport at all, owing to doubt as to their legal nationality. The laws for a country operate to the control of its nationals even if the latter be residents of other countries, and in some instances these laws come into conflict with those of other nations. Under the American law, an American who marries a woman of a foreign country no longer makes her automatically an American, as was the case up to within a year ago. If she be an Englishwoman, she is still held by American law to be English and she cannot get an American passport. At the same time the English law holds that she has become an American and she cannot get a British passport. She has, in fact, become a person without a country, and can get no passport at all. On the other hand, if an American woman marries an Englishman she is still an American under American law, but accepted by the British Government as a British citizen. This fortunate person can get two passports, one American and one British. The American law goes even further and says that if this Englishwoman married to an American wants to come to America to live she cannot come if the yearly quota of British immigration is already filled. Such absurdities as the above can be remedied by the cooperation of governments and the use of a little common sense. These and many other existing anomalies are included in the agenda of the international conference which Europe hopes will be called before long to discuss passports, visas, citizenship, emigration and immigration. Such a conference was recommended to Congress by President Roosevelt many years ago, but it was never held. There are a thousand reasons to-day why it should be useful where there was one in the days of the Roosevelt Administration.

London, England.

ARTHUR RUHL

author and veteran newspaper and magazine correspondent, has just returned from Russia, and has given us two articles,

GETTING ABOUT IN RUSSIA

and

EDUCATION UNDER THE BOLSHEVIKS

Mr. Ruhl's brilliant pictures of Russia to-day are among the best things which we have in store for Outlook readers.

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THE DEATH OF COMMUNISM IN RUSSIA; WHAT HAS TAKEN ITS PLACE

BY EDWIN W. HULLINGER

WHILE Communist agitators and parlor Bolsheviks in America, England, and elsewhere are still busily discussing the pros and cons of Communism in Russia and world revolution, Communism is now one subject inside Russia itself that is seldom talked about—except in party pamphlets designed for foreign consumption and in text-books prepared three years ago for public schools. In official phraseology and in the labels which still cling to the old departments reorganized, in the title of the governing party, one still finds the old familiar words. Trotsky still thunders it over the heads of the Red soldiers when he speaks to them in review from the wooden pulpit always erected for the purpose in the shadow of the Kremlin's walls. But beyond these rather formal functions, the word Communism has little work to do in Russia to-day.

Communism for Russia is now a dead issue, practically speaking, inside Russia—for a very long span of time, at least. The majority of the Communist chiefs in the Kremlin as well as the bulk of the rank and file of the party have finally adjusted themselves to this reality. I say this after having talked with one Red leader after another, sounded opinion in the "ranks" throughout the nine months I spent in Moscow, and having had the opportunity to watch personally the greater part of this swing to the right and readjustment of thought. From the time when the new economic policy ("Nep" in Moscow's new oral shorthand) was always referred to apologetically by good party men (followed by the invariable explanation that it was only a temporary strategic retreat) I watched this process advance to the point where, before I left, these very same Communists were already reckoning ahead in terms of scores of years, and mapping out their own lives on the basis of the capitalistic opportunities which they hoped Russia would now offer.

I say this after having watched the transformation in the life of the people and the remolding of the national body economic.

What, then, has superseded Communism? What has followed the glow of fanaticism and bitter civil strife of the days of turmoil? What new credo has come to Russia both inside and outside the Kremlin? The answers are opportunism and speculation. Inside the Kremlin Communism has been replaced by the creed of expediency. Outside it has been supplanted by a reign of speculation and frenzied bartering.

Of the old idealism of 1917–18—fanatic though it was—hardly a vestige remains inside the Communist party, with the exception of the small radical minority. Opportunism is the new spirit of the hour. Both in political and private life I found Communist statesmen and rank and file party members intent on exploiting the moment, the former for what it could give them in political advantage, the latter principally for what it could give them in rubles and opportunity to build an economic foundation for their lives in the new Russia that was to be. By this I do not mean that all Communists have turned opportunists for selfish ends. There is still a body of conscientious young workers loyally sticking to their Government posts, sometimes in defiance of their selfish interests. I recall Samuel Cahan, under-secretary of the Anglo-American Department of the Foreign Office, who worked twelve to fourteen hours of the day at a salary hardly larger than that of a good office boy in America. There were others like him, unfortunately not too many. He stuck because he thought his duties lay with his party during the period of difficulty. Yet even he had rearranged his ideology. "We were poor Communists," he sometimes remarked, smiling. "Now we are trying to be good capitalists." He too had begun to wonder when he could conscientiously break loose from his post and obtain a place for himself outside. He was fitted for a responsible position with some firm once industry began to revive. In America he served several years as superintendent in a smelting plant. And of many of the leaders it must be said that the present policy of opportunism is costing them many heart pangs. In their heart of hearts they are still Communists. The point is that the majority have awakened sharply to the fact that this dream of theirs cannot materialize. And they have deliberately crushed it within themselves and turned toward the new motto of opportunism as the only workable principle within their reach. I am speaking here of the really sincere group of leaders who have suffered and risked all for the sake of a lost cause. As to the majority in the Communist party, opportunists in a purer sense, it is an entirely different matter.

Not a few of the rank and file Bolsheviks have already turned from fanaticism to business. On a little side street near Petrovka the broad windows of a big café pour a flood of light on an array of beggars that forms up before the swinging doors every evening. Inside is a scene of music, palms, and wine, here and there the black and white of an evening suit. Obsequious waiters say, "Please, sir," as in the days of the Empire. I could easily imagine myself in Paris or London. Communists hold the controlling stock in the company operating this restaurant. On another side street near the American Relief Administration's headquarters, on Spiridonovka, is a large cellar cabaret, where champagne corks pop until three in the morning, despite the fact that legally no liquor containing more than twenty per cent alcohol can be made or manufactured in Russia. One of the proprietors was a woman whom I knew to be in the Tcheka. The decentralization of the system of Government co-operative stores has already begun, and the Communist "management committees" are now virtually owners of the establishments, operating for their own profit. Even the Government chain of "guest houses" has been turned over to a clique of former Foreign Office employees, who are permitted to run the concerns as best they can, to whatever personal advantage they can obtain.

In its official dealings inside Russia the Government is equally remote from Communism. Each commissariat is busy bargaining and bartering. It does not hesitate to push its own selfish economic advantage or to compete with the general public.

Hardly two years ago people were arrested in Moscow for the crime of selling their personal belongings for food. To-day the Kremlin itself is the most active middleman in Russia. Government departments and subdepartments have alert agents on the open market (which the Government itself created) buying up products, which are later resold to the public. Departments bargain and trade with each other, each striving to get the better of the exchange. I make this statement on the authority of one of the Government newspapers, the "Economic Life," organ of the Supreme Economic Council. The editor of this newspaper in protest cited a number of "typical" instances where departments made profits of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred

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per cent on a single turnover. Sometimes a commodity would change hands several times during this round of the sub-departments, gaining in price at each shift. By the time it returned to the open market—the commodities of course were eventually sold back to the public—the original selling figure had been increased manyfold. In commenting the writer criticised the practice, pointing out that it was the Government's duty to regulate trade and try to counteract the inflation of prices through speculation, instead of itself taking part in the scramble for profits.

Outside the Kremlin there is probably less practical Communism in Moscow to-day than in any European capital. Moscow is trade mad. It is as if all the barter instincts pent up in the hearts of the people during the three years of Communism had suddenly burst forth with all their accumulated energy. And now Moscow is trying to make up for the lost time.

True, Moscow has not a great deal to trade with. Industry has not resumed. The articles which are now the pawns in this frenzied game of trade do not represent any real revival of productivity within the country. They are cellar goods, which have been stored away in safe-keeping—a few imported articles, and a very, very few things manufactured in the few Government mills which are operating in Moscow. These latter consist almost exclusively of small knitted objects of wearing apparel. The former fall into two classes—merchandise confiscated by the Government in 1918 and now resold to private merchants through the official wholesale houses, or limited quantities of private stocks which had been hidden away in cellars and out-of-the-way places by the original owners. This last class includes art objects, antiques, lace, and little fineries.

All the stores in Moscow have reopened. Their stocks lack many things. I found little that was new, and I visited many stores. It took me several hours one afternoon to find my size of white collar, a standard size. All stores had collars, but only such as they had been able to obtain from prewar stocks. When one size was exhausted, it was often difficult to replace. One of the men's furnishing houses on Petrovka showed me Belmont Arrow collars of the vintage of 1914 and before. A smiling, favor-currying proprietor produced from under a counter a little box of French handkerchiefs which he had hidden in his cellar.

"I started here on this spot seventeen years ago, with a thousand rubles," he confided, twisting his silver-headed cane through his arm. "When the Bolsheviks locked my doors, I had one of the largest men's furnishing houses in Moscow. I started again a few months ago with a few hundred million rubles borrowed from a friend."

His might have been a little clothing shop in almost any little town in the American Middle West. It reminded me of one I used to know in La Salle, Illinois. The women were dressed about as they were in La Salle. The men wore soft collars. Many were in old khaki trench uniforms. They had nothing else to wear. The store was crowded. The shelves were neat, but the stock had conspicuous gaps. The same could be said of many another store. But somewhere, in one store or another, virtually everything can now be found in Moscow, provided one has the price.

Trade is "free" to an unfortunate degree. The Government has gone from one extreme to the other. After prohibiting all barter for three years, the Kremlin has reinstated it without even the desirable checks employed by Western countries to protect the public from ruthless trade pirates.

I found no signs of any attempt to regulate trade or prevent speculation, despite the appalling lack of goods to go around and the great need for some systematic rationing. The only restrictions imposed upon the merchants were the innumerable taxes, in certain instances crushingly heavy. It was as if the Government had said to the traders: "Sell what you please, as you please, and for as much as you please, provided only you divvy up your profits in the form of license fees and taxes."

The Moscow markets, consequently, were wild as an oil pit at times. Prices veered up and down. Traders charged whatever they could extort, without interference from the Government. Others were permitted to "corner" commodities which should have been apportioned to all. The only check upon the latter was physical possibility. Owing to the lack of commercial organization and scarcity of capital, it was virtually impossible for any individual to obtain effective control of any one commodity. But several individuals, competing with one another, were often able to tie up among themselves a market which should have been free for all.

Absence of a general rationing system often reacted disastrously upon the interests of the public at large. For instance, while many in Moscow were famished for a pinch of sugar, windows of the candy shops on the Arbat, Tverksaya, and Kuznetski Most were stuffed with sweets. And, strange to say, the shops were always crowded in the evenings (with newly rich speculators). It was more profitable to make the sugar into candy than to sell it in small quantities to the needy population, and the Government did not lift a finger to stay this plan.

"We can sell as we please and what we please," one merchant after another told me. "We have to buy most of our goods from the Government wholesale houses. They make a goodly profit. Then we have our chance. We make our customers pay the taxes."

Theoretically, the expressed object of the retention of the monopoly of foreign trade by the Commissariat of Commerce was to exercise some control over the flow of goods into and out of Russia. But actually there was slight sign of practical results along this line.

The spirit of bargaining and speculation has gripped all Moscow, and to a slightly less degree the other cities I visited. Nor was this new atmosphere confined to the stores and regular commercial fields. The first result of the freedom of trade granted under the new economic policy was to convert Moscow into a pit of speculation. Every inhabitant immediately began buying and selling everything he could get hold of.

To-day, up and down the winding streets of Moscow men clad in garments of many seasons are vigorously bartering old goods of all kinds. Old women stand in rows against the walls of the former Duma and on the Arbat holding out platters with a few bits of food, shoestrings, perhaps a pair of mittens, or French pastry! It was one of the curious features of the early days of private trade, this sudden reappearance in quantities of pastries. It was an interesting commentary on the strength of the Russian sweet tooth—another point in common between America and Russia. One of the first things people did after the Revolution was to set about making pastry—even before they made boots. I saw more chocolate éclairs on the streets of Moscow than in Paris or London.

Everybody, old and young, is bargaining. Little boys seven and eight years old stand on corners offering you cigarettes. Little girls of ten implore you to buy matches. It seemed as if every one you met was selling something. Friends met in the street to greet each other and bargain. A former diplomat and journalist whom I knew never went about, I noticed, without a leather brief case. Once he opened it and showed its contents—an antique book, a pair of ivory opera-glasses, and a few precious stones. "I sold all my own valuables long ago," he explained. "Now I have taken to buying other people's. I pick things up cheap wherever I see them, stuff them into this case, and sell them whenever opportunity offers." Another friend, a former princess, de-

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scendant of one of Russia's oldest official families, shyly confessed to me that she was "speculating" for a living. She said she could earn more this way than by working as clerk or stenographer in an office. In her shopping bag she had a miniature painting and a cameo neck ornament. She made the rounds of the shops on the Arbat, picked up bargains here and there, and resold them later to dealers and speculators. She didn't want her friends to know about it.

Almost every home is a miniature market. Formerly when one's host showed you a beautiful piece of furniture or a rare antique the conventional remark was, "How beautiful!" Now I am afraid it would be *"Skolko?"* (how much?). It was difficult to find anything in Moscow that was not for sale. Once I unexpectedly entered the two-room apartment belonging to one of Russia's oldest Foreign Office families. I found the mother of the family bargaining with a speculator over the price of an art clock, a family relic. She was selling it to obtain money for food.

Inside this field of speculation and bargaining the Government (the Communist party) stands, a grim fortress preserving political discipline throughout the land. The Government, it is true, has not entirely receded from the domain of economic activity. Amid this régime of private enterprise it still maintains ownership of the four or five basic national industries—railways, mines, the national resources, the public utilities, and the textile industries. These key industries, "necessary for national protection," will, it was hoped, form a small remnant of Socialism upon which to consolidate the "gains" of the Revolution, under the new régime of state capitalism, the name Lenine has given to the present mixture of state and private enterprise in Russia.

How long or how much of this official industrial bulwark will actually last, however, is, as has already been pointed out, a debatable question. If the Government finds it can retain these industries and make them pay, it will. If not, it will "farm" them out to private enterprise. Opportunism, not principle, will determine.

Fundamentally, then, the principal function of the present administration is a political one, and its chief concern to-day is the political control of the country—the primary function of any government.

Inside the clumsy bureaucratic machinery which I shall describe briefly later the Communist party is the dynamo of the Government. No, it is the Government itself, and the formal machinery is only the instrument by means of which it functions.

Inside the party the Government is supported by a majority who have realized the impossibility of Communism and are content to be political opportunists for the sake of remaining in power. It is opposed by a radical minority who still believe in Communism, and who follow unwillingly in the present course because they have no choice. From time to time they become obstreperous. The party leaders then bring out the old phrases of 1918 to soothe them and reassure them that they are not permanently selling a cause. It is against this background of opportunism that many of the speeches of Trotsky and other Kremlin chiefs must be interpreted, their true value being ratable only after this bulge of expediency has been taken into consideration. The face value of the words in itself is not sufficient. They may be true as they stand (if truth happens to be expedient). They may not. Local conditions hold the key. Naturally this situation is bewildering to an observer in America, entirely out of touch with the "behind the scenes" in Russia. I mention it to explain the Kremlin's occasional swings back to the Left, which have caused so much confusion in the popular mind here. For the radical element, a decided minority though it is, is still so numerous that the Government does not care to dispense with its support.

This situation of course lends a certain element of uncertainty to the immediate future of Russia. Personally, I do not consider it a very serious element, because I think that the Conservatives, led by Lenine and Kameneff and others, are reasonably secure in their dominance of the party. Thus far there has been no sign of a loosening of that control.

Inside the council chambers of the party all national policies are discussed and decided upon, later to be confirmed by the official soviets which constitute the formal machinery of government.

In its political framework the administration is an elaborate bureaucracy, slow moving, topheavy with officials, loosely organized, and encumbered with red tape. When one considers the degree of confusion, lack of business method, lack of co-ordination, red tape, in the Government, one is surprised that the organism functions at all. As a matter of fact, so far has the administrative confusion gone that it is only by means of extraordinary or "emergency" methods that the cumbersome parts can be made to function quickly. To get anything done one must have means of going over the heads of the regular staff organization. A feeble attempt was made recently to reorganize a few of the departments and place them on a business footing. A general audit was conducted in several commissariats, a process which brought many startling revelations. For instance, it was found that one of the leading commissariats had run for two years with no bookkeeping system. The records for the last year were so hopelessly confused that they were virtually useless. This reorganization has not gone far enough to have any appreciable effect on government methods as a whole. There is no government in the world more deeply enmeshed in red tape and foolish formalities.

The only two departments that function with efficiency are the Tcheka (the Secret Service) and the army, with the Foreign Office as a possible third. These first two must function, because it is upon them that the Government's solidity rests. Both being by nature extraordinary or emergency bodies, they are able to cut directly through the maze of official red tape entangling the other departments.

In Government offices the old Communistic fraternalism has been largely supplanted by the conventional bureaucratic spirit of the West. The title "comrade" is no longer current except among party members. In every department I saw underling officials courtesy to their superiors with the self-abasement of Uriah Heep. Around every official of importance I found tier upon tier of secretaries. Kalinin, Russia's peasant president, famous for his democratic tastes, is himself ensconced in the innermost of three compartments. Between the outer office, or anteroom, filled with peasants waiting to see him, and his inner sanctuary, with its leather upholstered armchairs, three secretaries in rooms also partly filled with visitors barred my way. Before he can be interviewed the visitor must successfully navigate through all three of these purgatories. I noticed many a felt-booted *muzhik* never got beyond the first. I do not think this is Kalinin's fault. It is rather a mechanical necessity, resulting from the rush of visitors. But the point is, the actual machinery employed is now virtually the same as that employed by the typical semi-democratic governments of the West.

In this bureaucracy "pull" and personal influence have re-entered, as was inevitable, to the disadvantage of those who are still sincere. Opportunism, not idealism, is now the guiding motive of the day.

"I am resigning my post in the Foreign Office," a Communist friend who had been through all the Revolution, Red Terror and all, remarked regretfully one afternoon as we bounced over the rutty cobblestones in a droshky on our way to Narkomindel (Commissariat of Foreign Affairs). "It is more of a bureaucracy than the Czar's. I don't like it. It isn't Communism."

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NEWPORT—A RESORT FOR UNFASHIONABLES TOO

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SOMEHOW we had always thought of Newport as "the queen of American watering-places"—and avoided it as such. It must be impossible for ordinary Americans, we thought. The gay life of the fashionable world in a summer resort—what was that for us? And didn't such environment always mean that plain living was difficult and also expensive for the other kind of visitors? High life, high prices! Still, we remembered (using the matrimonial, not an editorial, "we") that a friend from abroad had once asked, "What kind of a place is Newport? Do you know, on the other side we hear of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Newport? Were you there last summer?" And in confessing that we knew nothing at first hand about Newport, only a night's journey from home, there was a feeling of chagrin—the feeling that we were too much like the manager of that hotel in Paris, just opposite the Bibliothèque, who told us that he had worked in the hotel six years but had "never had time" to go across the street to see the treasures of the great library.

So, one day in early summer, we took the night boat for Fall River. If you want to go to Newport you pass by it and go to Fall River and then return to your destination. At least that was what the ticket-seller advised. "If you're a stranger in Newport," he said, "you don't want to land there at two in the morning. You'd better have your sleep out and get your breakfast on the boat and then take the train back to Newport."

We did this, and made our first acquaintance with the "queen of summer resorts" by way of a very humble railway train, without a Pullman adjunct, that set us down at a station plain to the point of dinginess. Evidently the fashionable folk didn't go to their Newport homes by train, we thought, and then remembered that the motor car is displacing the railway.

It's a good plan for the vacationist who goes to a place unfamiliar to him to hire a taxi and drive around a bit before locating. The taxi man is apt to be wise about hotels, boarding-houses, prices, and so on. We did this, and after sizing up the two or three small hotels—for Newport, unlike many American summer resorts, has no great hotels—we settled down in an attractive private house to which luck, a little judgment, and the recommendation of a wise citizen had directed us.

We soon discovered that there are two Newports. There is the Newport of the great places, the princely villas, the homes of the people of wealth who long ago found that Newport has a delightful summer climate and one of the finest beaches on the Atlantic coast. Then there is another Newport—that of the people who live quietly on the unfashionable streets, but who nevertheless enjoy the same climatic advantages and bathing facilities of the residents of the other Newport. The two Newports exist side by side, independently of each other, and one can affiliate exclusively and economically with the unfashionables if he so elects, and yet find Newport a delightful place for a summer sojourn.

Newport's chief topographic feature is the fine Cliff Walk—or, if you are not fond of exercise, perhaps you would say the Ocean Drive. The two cover much the same territory, though the Cliff Walk is only five miles long, while the Ocean Drive covers twice that distance. The Cliff Walk does not, as you may have imagined, take you along precipitous cliffs a couple of hundred feet high, with booming surf far below—nothing like that; just a modest bluff, at some places seventy or eighty feet above the shore, at others dipping down to the beach, but always with the sea on one side and the great mansions on the other. "Cottages," these mansions are called, and the architects of to-day are inclined to smile over their ornate magnificence. But they have a character of their own and have given their character to Newport, and they have a far-away interest to the unfashionables somewhat akin to that of those stately homes of England or France which some romancers like to use as a background for "thrillers." In these dwellings live the Vanderbilts, the Goelets, the Astors, and the rest of the summer colony that have set the pace for the gayer Newport's life for a generation. But they have no more of the glorious sea view than has the humblest visitor in Newport on the public pathway that lies between the grand houses and the ocean. Nor do the dwellers in the mansions have any better bathing than has the ordinary sojourner. The grand crescent beach that begins where the Cliff Walk ends—that is for all the people; and if there is another restricted beach for "subscribers," that doesn't lessen the enjoyment of a swim on the finer beach that the public has for its own.

Perhaps some people may liken the Ocean Drive to the Corniche Road of the Riviera, or the Columbia River Highway. Others, less enthusiastic, will freely admit that it is a beautiful drive with fine views of the sea and of the handsome places that border it. The point is that the Drive is open to the flivver of the tourist as well as to the Rolls-Royce of the millionaire. And if the tourist cares to engage one of the few remaining horse-drawn pleasure vehicles that make the round of the Ocean Drive in leisurely fashion, he will get an earful of local history from the driver, who will wax eloquent on the times, a score of years ago, when "I've seen Newport when you could count twenty four-in-hands on Belleview Avenue on an afternoon, the horses all blooded stock and some of them with gold harness!"

Newport is an old city, and the unfashionable visitor can find enough to interest him if he is of an antiquarian turn of mind. There is St. George's Church, where Washington's pew is pointed out; there are the British headquarters, and Rochambeau's headquarters, and the oldest synagogue in the country, and the Old Mill, once thought to be a relic of the Norsemen but now regarded as a comparatively recent erection. There is the old home of that Bishop Berkeley who wrote

> Westward the star of empire takes its way

and gave to St. George's the fine organ that still serves its congregation. And for rainy days there is an excellent public library with courteous attendants, and the oldest subscription library in the country—the Redwood, with its entrance hall lined with quaint portraits and time-worn copies of the great French Encyclopedia.

Years ago, in the heyday of Newport's glory as a summer capital, there is said to have been a less friendly attitude toward the unfashionable visitor; to-day the courtesy of the town is notable. On a long hike out near the ocean a handsome motor car stopped near us and we were asked if we were going into town and if we didn't want a lift. A city fireman off duty and driving his own flivver was equally accommodating on another occasion.

There is still a pleasing flavor of post-war activity in and around Newport—a kind of "the war is o'er, we'll part no more" sentiment that tends to cordial relations between the service and the citizens. The Naval Training Station and War College bring naval men of high and low degree in large numbers to Newport in summer-time, and natty uniforms and a rolling gait—but, happily, a purely nautical roll—add picturesqueness to the streets. A

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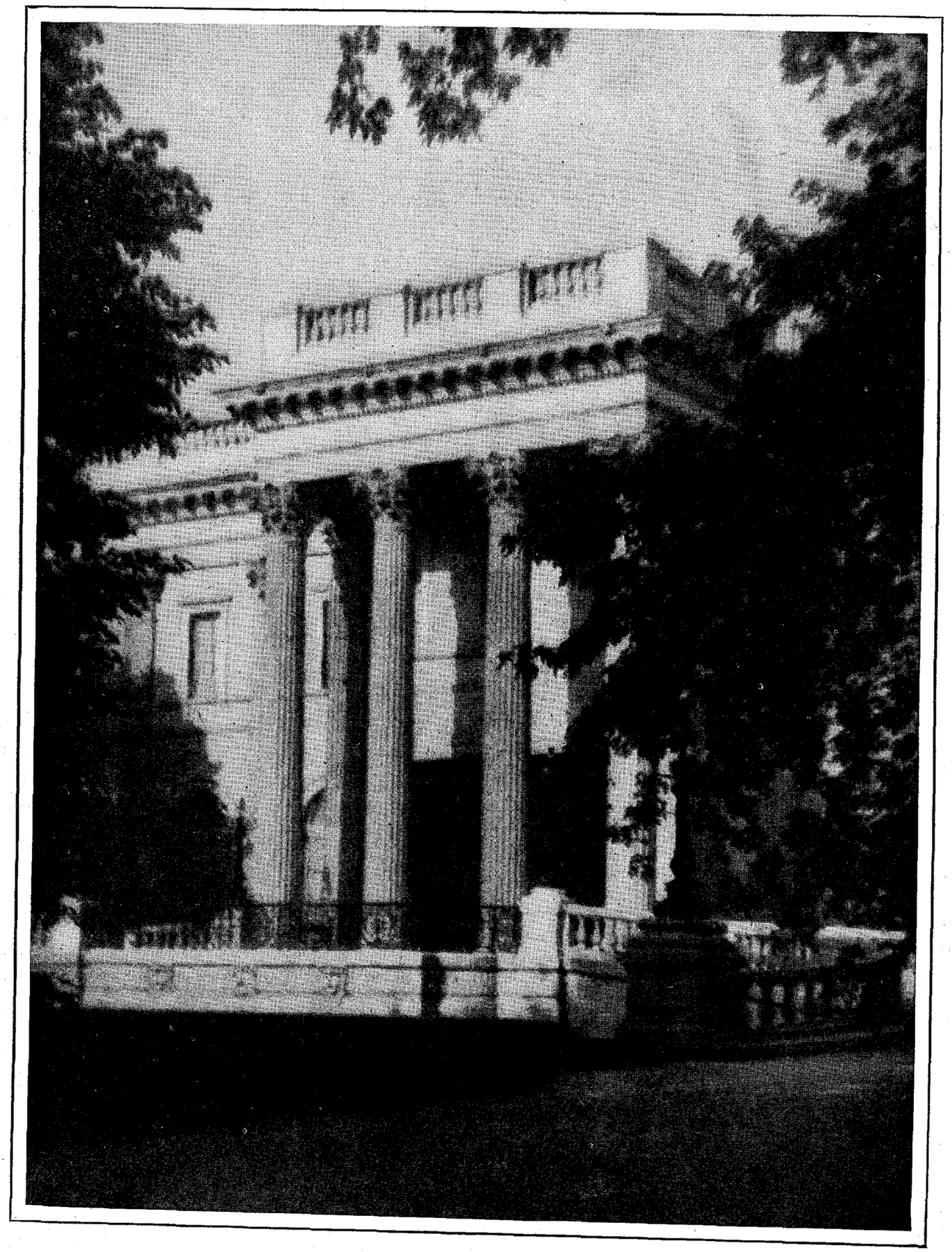

"THE MARBLE PALACE"—ONE OF THE GREAT HOUSES OF NEWPORT

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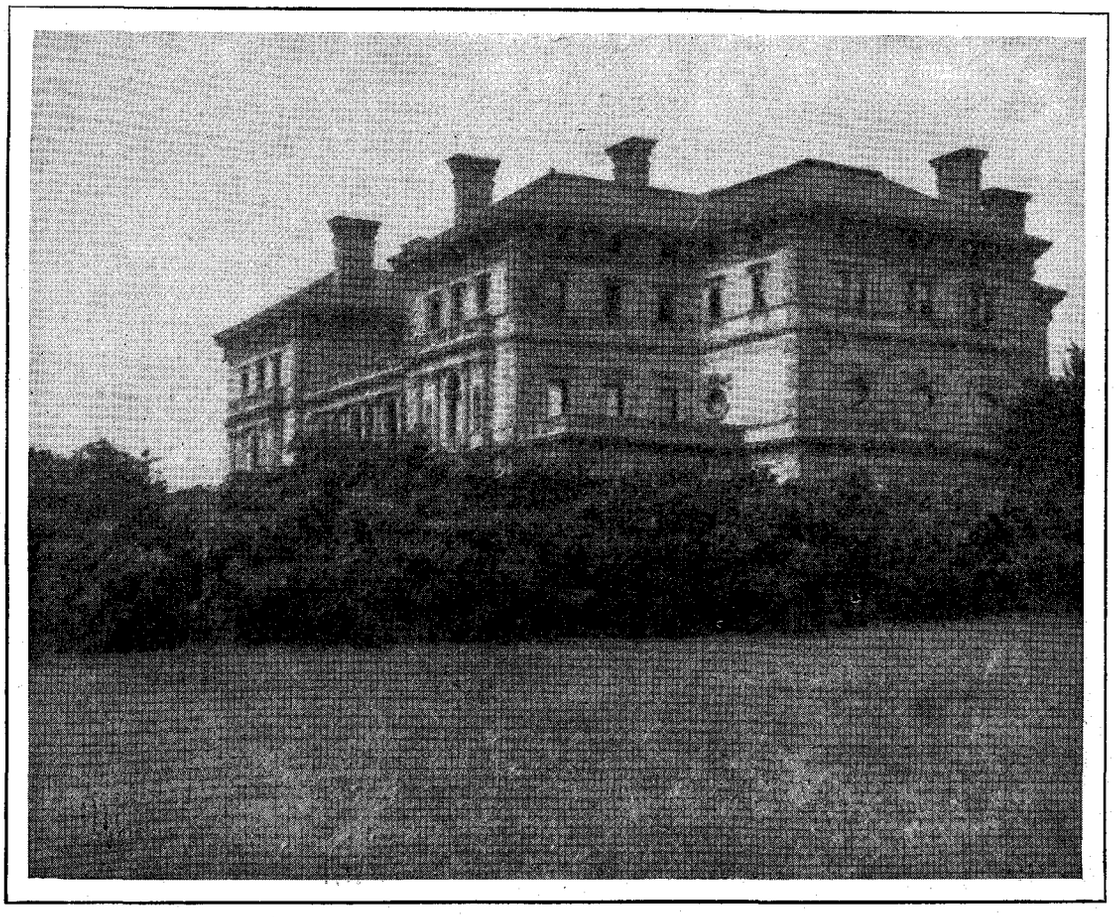
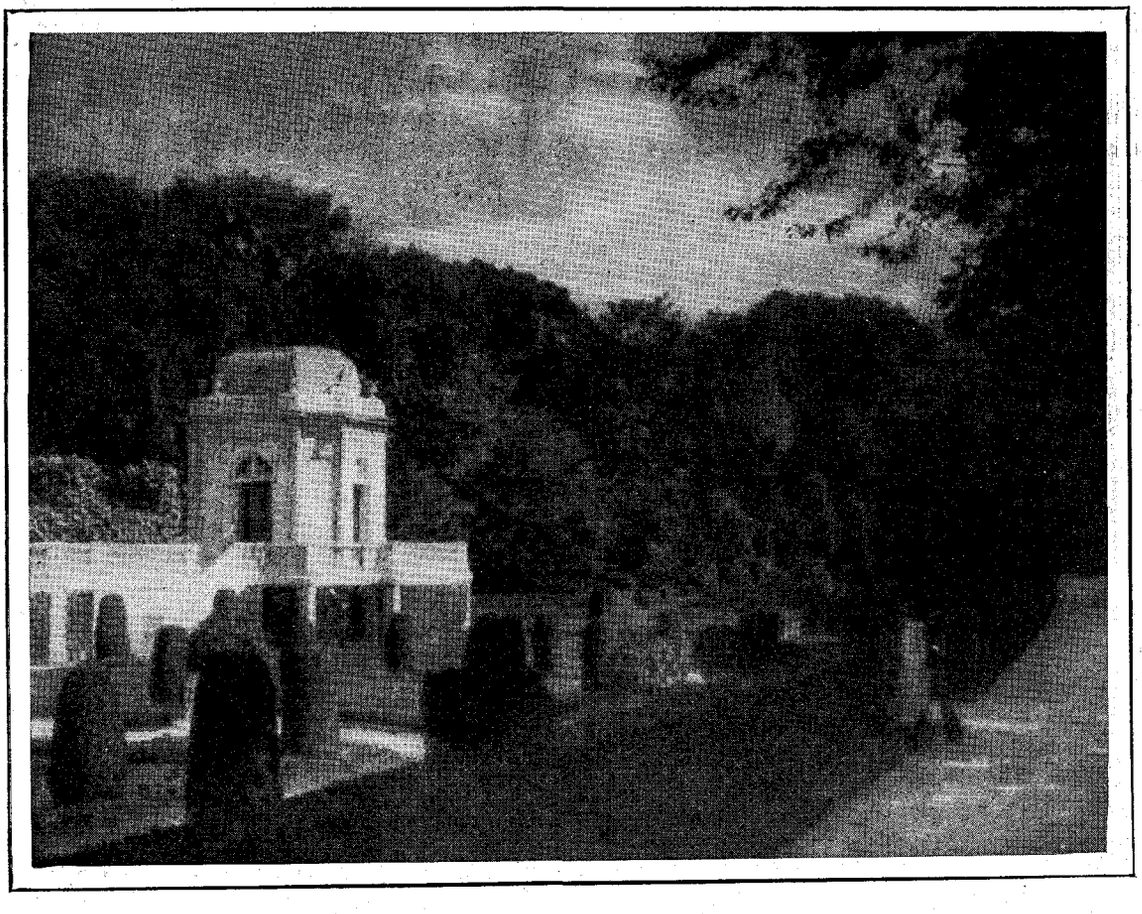


"THE BREAKERS"—ONE OF THE GLORIES OF NEWPORT'S GOLDEN PRIME



A GARDEN OF ONE OF THE PRINCELY VILLAS OF "THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES"

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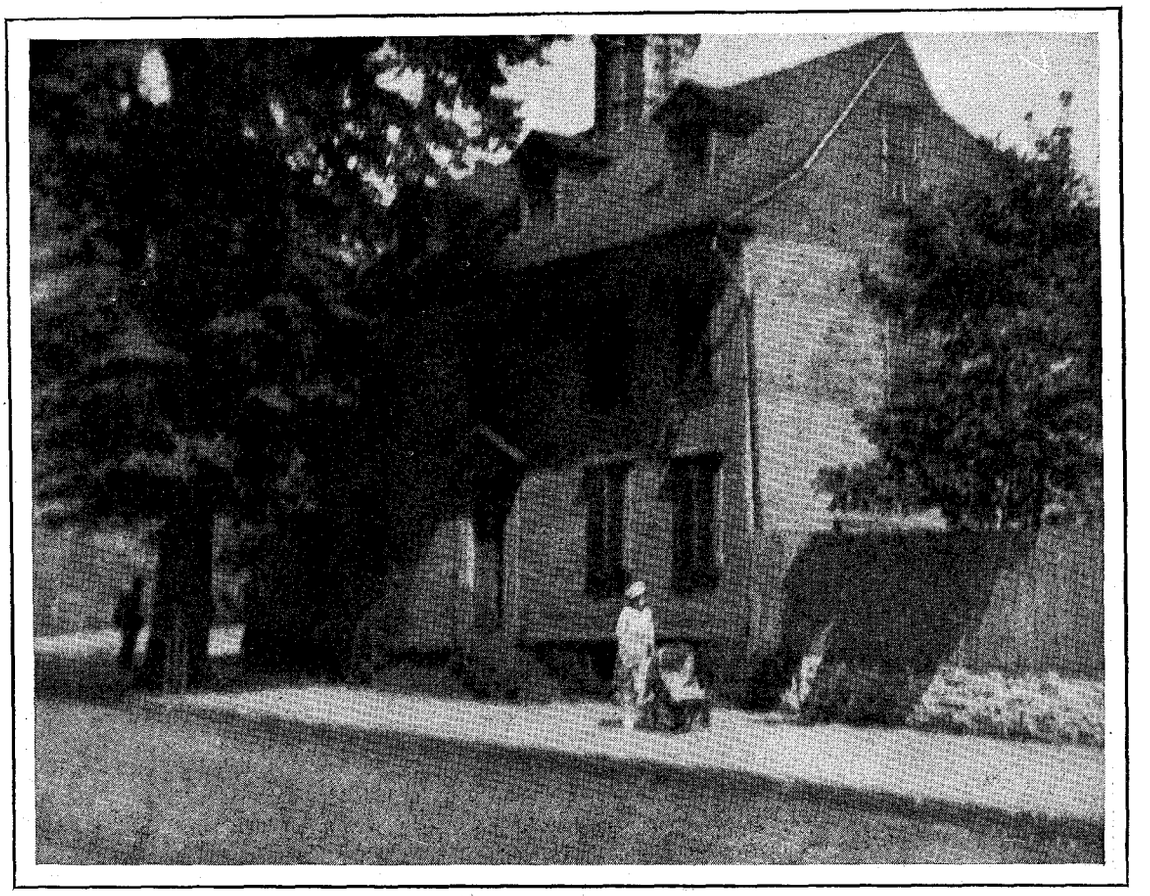
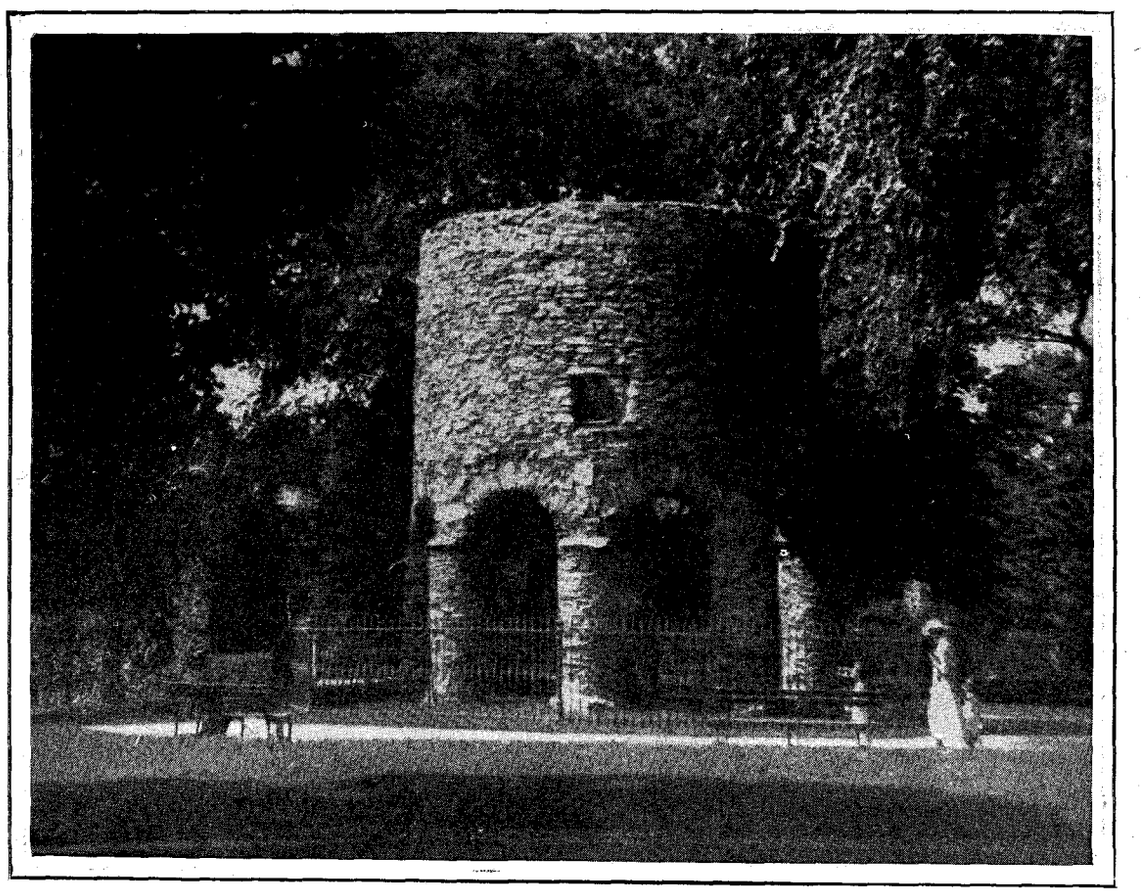


THE OLDER NEWPORT—NOTE THE ENTRANCE AND THE CHIMNEY OF THIS INTERESTING OLD HOUSE



THE OLD STONE MILL—ONE OF THE LANDMARKS OF OLD NEWPORT, ONCE THOUGHT TO BE A RELIC OF THE NORSEMEN

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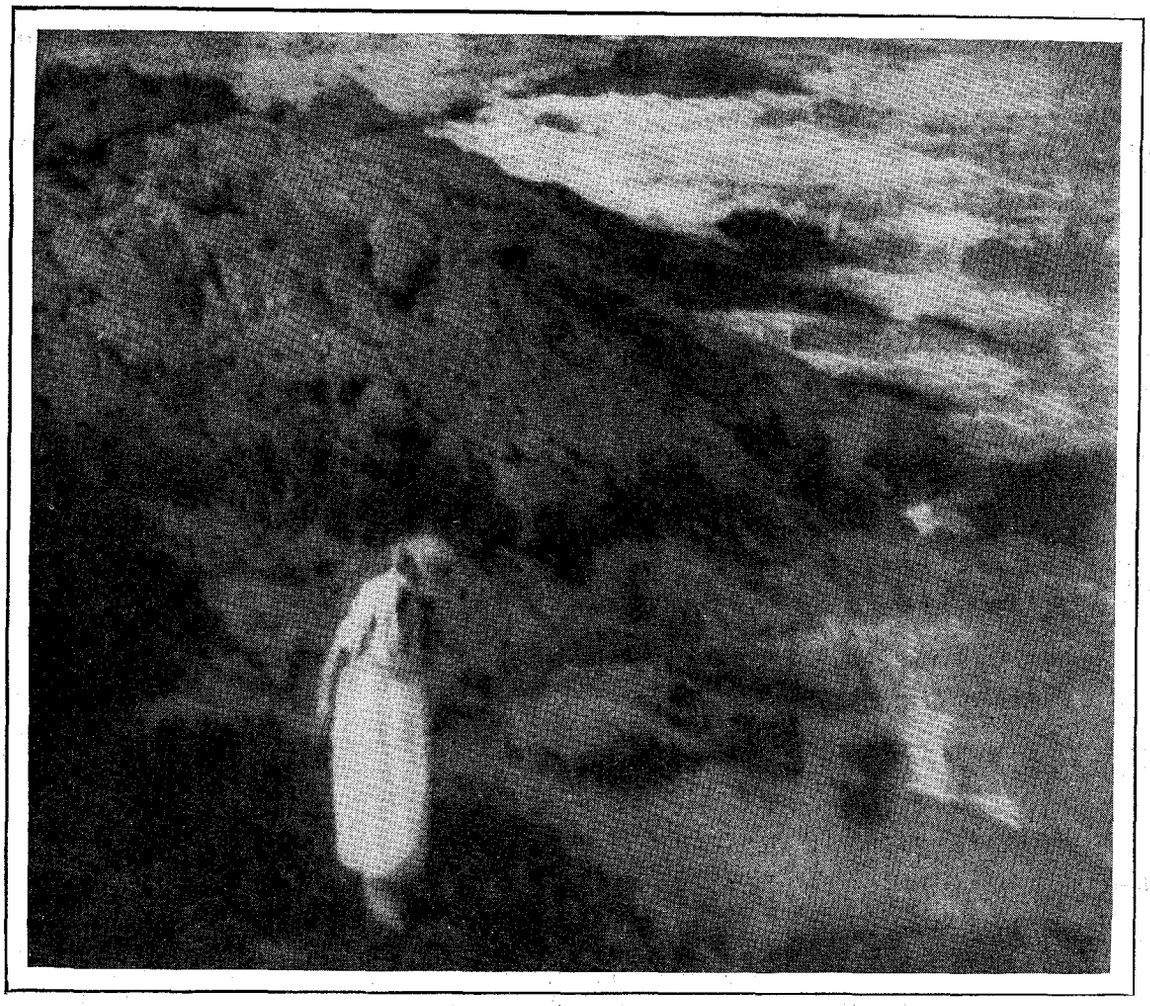
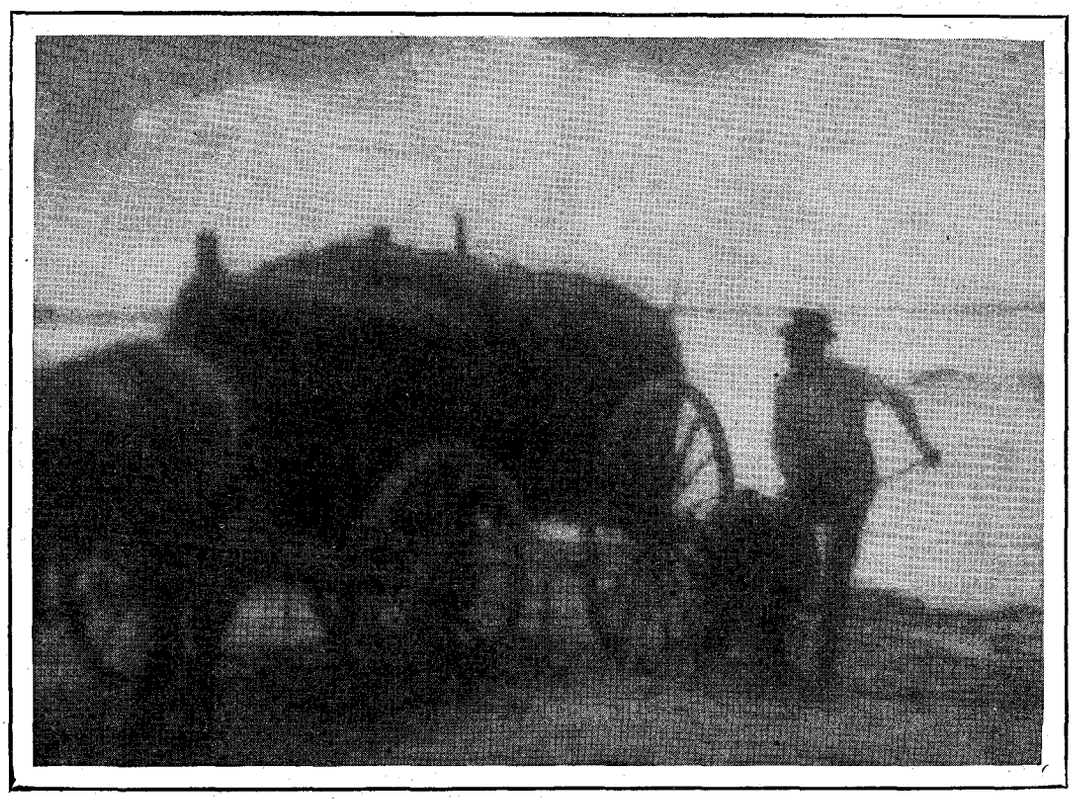


ALONG THE SHORE—NEWPORT'S CLIFF WALK LEADS GENTLY DOWN TO THE OCEAN IN SOME PLACES



SEAWEED MAKES GOOD FERTILIZER FOR THE FARMS NEAR NEWPORT

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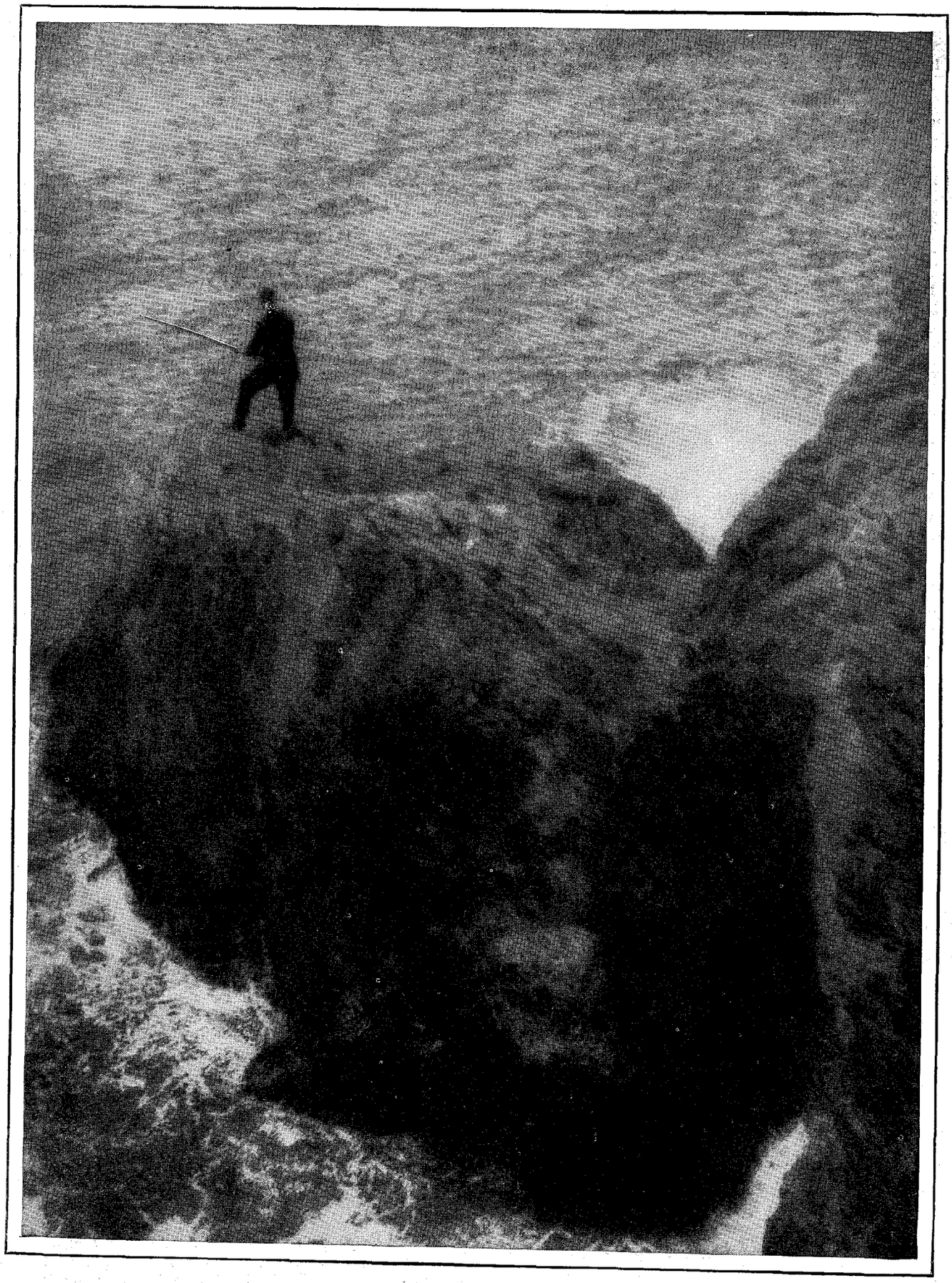

THE FISHERMAN—NEWPORT'S SHORE LINE FURNISHES MANY OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE ANGLER

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trip by trolley in the late afternoon over to Coaster Harbor Island will give a thrill to the lover of the old navy, with its view of the brave old Constellation, one of the historic ships of the United States, and perhaps with the sound of the sunset gun to bring back memories of the days that are no more, when

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Jolly tars are our men,

as David Garrick sang in the time of the "wooden walls," was a characterization that fitted all the navies of the world.

Even the Casino and the Art Gallery welcome the unfashionable stranger with the offer of good music and good pictures at small cost for hearing and seeing. The city vacationist may turn to these with enjoyment as a reversion to his home pleasures. With unusual attractions of an æsthetic as well as a purely recreational appeal, Newport has thus solved in an unexpectedly pleasant way for at least two visitors the annually recurring vacation question, Where to go? For only one of them is there a shade of sadness in the experience—when the other one asks, "Couldn't we find a cook like the one our Newport hostess had?"

WHAT AMUNDSEN WOULD FACE IN A FLIGHT TO THE NORTH POLE[1]

BY BURT M. McCONNELL

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN, Norwegian explorer, will go down in history as either the most intrepid or the most reckless explorer of all time, Arctic or Antarctic. For his projected flight across "the top of the world" from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitsbergen (roughly, 2,000 miles) is generally conceded to be the greatest venture into the unknown since Columbus set out from the shores of Spain.

Whether Amundsen and his experienced pilot, Lieutenant Omdahl, will successfully emerge from this hazardous undertaking will depend mainly upon how well their engine functions. If it can be kept droning steadily for twenty or twenty-two hours, it is hoped and believed that the flight will be accomplished. But it is significant that a Norwegian relief expedition, equipped with airplanes, already has sailed for Spitsbergen. The departure of this vessel, in fact, is interpreted as a recognition by Norway that any one of a dozen factors may be the undoing of the discoverer of the South Pole.

What are these factors? First, of course, comes the flying equipment. This consists of a new all-metal JL monoplane, equipped with a type of engine that has functioned steadily for more than twenty-six hours in a single endurance flight. Contrary to the general belief, the temperature of the western Arctic is no colder in July than that of northern New York or Minnesota in early October, so the motor will not be affected by the temperature.

Next in order, perhaps, come the elements. Amundsen, it is true, will not have cities, railways, and other landmarks to guide him, as Macready and Kelly had on their recent flight across the continent, but he will have something that was denied these pioneers—a day nearly all daylight. An experienced navigator, he will shape a course exactly as the navigating officer of an Atlantic liner does, but he will take astronomic observations—if the weather is clear—far more frequently. Nor is it so important that they be correct.

Kadel & Herbert

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN

For navigation in the air Amundsen has a sextant equipped with an artificial horizon, constructed by Dr. Fischer, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. With this instrument and a chronometer he will be able to measure the altitude of the sun, determine his exact position within a few miles, and steer a course for the North Pole—and Spitsbergen—provided that he has the sun at his disposal and does not have to take the wheel while his pilot adjusts or repairs one of the complicated parts of the engine or fuel or oil feed pipes. Macready and Kelly, it will be recalled, were kept busy in this way on both their transcontinental trips.

Amundsen's plane is equipped with a choice of three kinds of landing gear—wheels, pontoons, and skids—for landing on land, water, or snow. And while his plans have not been widely announced in the press, it is said that he intends to utilize wheels in taking off from a land base rather than from the sea at Point Barrow, the northernmost point of Alaska. It is this phase that causes real apprehension for the safety of the two adventurers.

Explorers agree, I think, that the weather complicates matters in the Arctic, although even the weather can sometimes be turned to advantage. A southwest gale, for instance, would be of immeasurable benefit to Amundsen. But there is one element—fog, deep and impenetrable—that is likely to complicate matters for Amundsen. And it is because of the prevalence of fog in the western Arctic that pontoons, not wheels, should be used on Amundsen's machine—even if they do weigh a few hundred pounds more. Let us see why.

In the summer months the proportion of water and floating ice in the Arctic Ocean, so far as known, is about 90 and 10, respectively. Should a landing become necessary, therefore, an airplane flying at a height of five thousand feet would have a radius of at least eight miles in which to glide to a landing-place, and it is extremely unlikely that a stretch of open water could not be found in that radius. On the other hand, an emergency landing on the rough and jagged ice fields of

[1] Since the receipt of this article newspaper despatches report that Amundsen's trip has been indefinitely postponed, owing to an unsatisfactory trial flight of his plane. The article loses none of its value, however, as a vivid picture of the difficulties and conditions of Polar flight.—The Editors.

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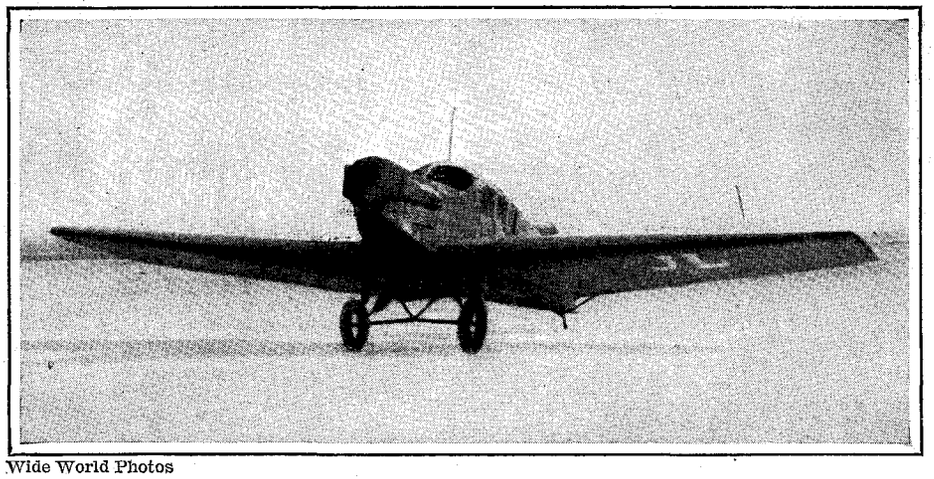
the Arctic Ocean would be disastrous, for a perfectly smooth stretch of ice—a rare phenomenon—cannot be discerned from the air.

As for skids—they are absolutely unsuited to Amundsen's purposes. The ice which he will encounter if he is forced to land is usually a chaotic mass of blocks as large as the ordinary summer bungalow, or a series of ridges forty or fifty feet high. An idea of the roughness of the Arctic ice may be gathered from the fact that it required ten hours of the hardest work for myself and two companions to travel with a dog-team a mere five hundred yards on one occasion. And a pilot cannot detect from the air the difference between rough and smooth ice—both likely to be covered with snow—until he is almost on a level with it. And then it is too late.

Were Amundsen's machine equipped with non-sinkable walrus-hide pontoons, there would be no necessity for alighting on rough ice. Moreover, walrus-hide pontoons would not be punctured by small pieces of floating ice. With this equipment a heavy fog could be avoided by flying close to the water, or the machine could alight on an open "lead" and wait for the fog to lift. If the motor should cease functioning, as even the best motors sometimes do, a landing could be made on the water at any time and the engine put in running order, even if it required a whole day. Lastly, if for any reason the monoplane were abandoned, the pontoons could be used as boats in which to retreat to the nearest land. The presence of large ice fields tends to keep the surface of the sea comparatively smooth, so that in case of a forced landing a flying-boat would not be swamped by high waves. Another advantage Amundsen will have is the constancy of the prevailing northeasterly winds. Still another is the twenty hours of daylight in the twenty-four.

Amundsen's present venture is merely a continuation of the expedition which left Norway in the schooner Maud in the summer of 1918. The plan was to navigate the Northeast Passage north of Russia and Siberia, and later drift with the ship from the vicinity of Alaska over the North Pole and beyond to Spitsbergen. A broken propeller, however, caused him to change his plans after he had navigated the Passage and reached Bering Strait. Instead of a plane leaving the Maud at a point several hundred miles north of Siberia, it will leave the north coast of Alaska. The Maud, with a small crew, is now fast in the ice near Wrangell Island and drifting steadily northward past the New Siberian Islands.



Wide World Photos

THE LARSEN ALL-METAL PLANE, J L-6 TYPE. IN ONE OF THESE PLANES CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN IS MAKING HIS ARCTIC FLIGHT. HE HAS CHRISTENED HIS PLANE "ELIZABETH"

Expert geographers and students of tidal phenomena long have contended that either a considerable land mass or an archipelago lies within the "Unknown Region" outlined on maps between Alaska and the Pole. To know whether or not land does exist in that area, and to what extent, would be of considerable value to science. In other words, it is of quite as much importance to science to know that land does not exist in the "Unknown Region" as that it does.

If land does exist in the 1,300 miles between Point Barrow and the Pole, can Amundsen distinguish between it and the thousands of square miles of snow-covered ice while flying at a height of from 5,000 to 10,000 feet, as a normal regard for his safety would compel him to do? Such land, wherever it may be, is likely to be hidden by an impenetrable fog, so that the best he can hope to do is to catch fleeting glimpses of it. And if Amundsen cannot sight, land upon, photograph, map, or explore any land which may lie between Alaska and the Pole, wherein lies the usefulness of his hazardous—some say foolhardy—expedition?

The recent transcontinental flight of Lieutenants Macready and Kelly served a useful purpose; it proved, among other things, that all-night flying is practicable. Besides, it had a recognized service value; such a flight might be required by one or a dozen machines in a military campaign. The flight across the Atlantic by Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown four years ago, however, was nothing more than a rash adventure—a "stunt"—and it seems to the writer that Amundsen's proposed flight falls in the same class. It will be simply an exceptionally dangerous long-distance airplane flight under ideal weather and light conditions. But the distance covered will not be greater than that covered by Alcock and Brown, and much less than that covered by Macready and Kelly.

It seems to the writer that if Amundsen wished to establish an endurance mark for the world to shoot at he might have selected, for instance, that stretch of land between Mexico City and the mouth of the Mackenzie River—if the United States were not wide enough. He would at least find plenty of landing-places *en route* if anything should go wrong, whereas the other route has little utility to commend it. The Kelly-Macready flight proved that the carrying of mails and passengers across the country in one "jump" is feasible; once the country is crossed by two Army aviators, it will not be long before commercial aviation adds a transcontinental flight to its schedule. Herein lies the practical value of such a flight. It is not a "stunt," like the Alcock-Brown flight from Newfoundland to Ireland; it is aviation of the most practical kind. The same cannot be said of the Amundsen flight; it merely stirs the imagination. The report that the Norwegian explorer is to take observations at the North Pole is interpreted by explorers as an uncalled-for reflection upon the late Admiral Peary's integrity.

Having discovered the South Pole, first navigated the Northwest Passage north of Canada, and duplicated Baron Nordenskiöld's voyage through the Northeast Passage, Amundsen's ambition is to reach the North Pole. He feels that the projected flight will be the crowning achievement of his career; already he is the first to circumnavigate the world "north of 63°," as it is in this case. Should he succeed, he will be acclaimed as the most intrepid explorer of all time, Arctic or Antarctic. Should he fail—and the chances are seven to one that he will—the world will have lost one of its greatest adventurers, and his name and that of his pilot will be added to the list of some seven hundred other adventurers who have lost their lives in the insatiable white maw of the Arctic since man first began seeking a northwest passage to China.

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THE CASTLE THAT BATTLE BUILT

BY ROBERT HAYNE LEAVELL

"NOT a dollar of my money for a 'nigger' school! You'd spoil a lot of good plow-hands!" His veto given, the richest white man in Okolona turned to go.

But the tall, brown-skinned Negro persisted pleasantly, "At least you'll give us your good will?"

"I don't know about that," responded the other, moving away. "Good will is mighty precious."

As Wallace Battle heard this answer the words of a college mate rang again in his ears: "The faith day is over. You must have money of your own to make a start." And Battle wondered to himself how long it would require to win the faith and good will of his neighbors in this Mississippi community—the faith and good will that his school must have!

That was twenty years ago. The other day I asked one of Okolona's leading citizens what he thought of Battle's school. Note his answer:

"I've thought two ways about it. At first, as I said to my neighbor, Captain Stovall (he's the chairman of the Board), 'I'll pay for the dynamite to blow the blamed thing up,' and I meant it. But I see things differently now. For the students there learn to be polite and saving. And then, they can do things. Why, once they started my car for me when I couldn't start it myself! What's more, they don't make trouble by any effort to mingle socially with white people. Instead, they are trying to fill a place of their own."

The opinion of the richest white man of twenty years ago and the verdict of a leading citizen of the present are worth recording; because the opinion of the first represented the community belief at the outset, and the verdict of the latter is shared by nearly all in Okolona to-day.

How has the change been wrought?

By faith, after all. By faith and its fruits.

For from the beginning a discerning few have had faith in Battle and in his dream for Negro youth. Without growing weary, these few have sustained him in the struggle to make his dream come true. And President Battle, because he had faith in these others and in the conquering power of his vision, persisted until the fruits of his work had won the whole community.

HOW FAITH HELPED

"I got off from a bad start," the President told me. "A mass-meeting at the Court-House seemed the best way to seek the backing of both races for my school. There was a big crowd. As I outlined my plans the applause was generous. The bricks in my air-castle looked like real ones to me. And they must have looked real to my audience too. For, as I learned afterward, people had taken it for granted that a man who was starting a school had got hold of money to support it.

"In my speech I told them what education I had had, and how much it had cost. I said that I had come to Okolona to put my education to use in helping Negro boys and girls to become finer and more useful men and women.

"Up to that point every one seemed to like my way of stating the case. But I don't know which was more astonished—the crowd or I—by what followed. For, you see, after I had declared that I stood ready to invest all that my education had cost in the service of the Negro boys and girls in the neighborhood, I asked my hearers to help by matching dollars with me, by giving for every dollar that I had spent on my education a dollar of their own for building up the school. And I wound up by saying:

" 'We must build it together in this way, for I haven't a red cent. My education, which I have already paid for, is my contribution. And now I must ask you to do your part.'

"When I got through there was an amazed silence until one old Negro cried out, 'Lawd have mussy!' My own astonishment came when I realized that no one had expected to be asked to dig down into his own pocket.

"But even though my speech produced no money right away, yet it did start a lot of talk about the teacher who proposed to build a school without cash or credit or land or buildings."

The earnestness of this president of an air-castle school won, however, a handful of dependable backers. Among the little band of Negroes who formed the greater part of the first Board of Trustees a merchant named McIntosh stands out. Already this man's white customers had learned from their contact with him to respect the Negro of brains and character. And partly because of this fact there was good will between the races in Okolona.

The faith of the Trustees in Battle and his work was early put to severe test. He had gone to Boston without introductions to solicit aid. There he had obtained some pledges, but no cash. For two days after his money ran out he did without food. Then pride gave way, and he wired his Board for money to come home. Out of meager resources they sent him a hundred dollars. But he found it hard to get off the train.

Meantime the curious had been asking his Trustees what luck he was having in the North. Their gallant answer proves their worth. For their reply was always: "We don't know just how much; he hasn't made his full report yet; but he has made some friends for the school."

Of the white citizens, two men from the very beginning have given constantly the most practical proofs of their faith in Battle and in his dream of effective education for Negro youth.

The elder of these, Captain B. J. Abbott, was an officer in the Confederate army. The air-castle school found a real base upon sixty acres of land that he sold to it "on time" for much less than the market value. Later, when fire destroyed the main building, the Captain gave a thousand dollars toward a new one. Although the school had not then finished paying him for the land, the gift was in cash. It is worth noting that at the time this gift was the largest that had ever been made by an individual to Negro education in Mississippi. On occasions when the school was compelled to borrow money Captain Abbott would indorse its notes for as much as five hundred dollars, without so much as examining their face. A charter member of the Board, he was active in his support of the institution until his death a few months ago. In a word, he "daddied" the school until it was well on its own feet.

And then there is a younger man, Captain A. T. Stovall, who from the beginning has been interested in Battle and his work. In the service of the school he has been prodigal of time and money. As its legal adviser, he has given freely valuable professional service. As chairman of the Board, he has made repeated trips North and has presided over meetings to aid in getting the needful material support for the realization of this Negro man's dream of service. At times, when the need was urgent, the Captain has "lent" to the school both corn and young mules. But the corn he would not allow to be repaid, and the mules grew old and then died on the school farm.

I went to see Captain Stovall some years ago, for I had heard of the constructive work of the Battle School, and wanted to know more about it. Although I had come without previous appointment, the Captain pushed business to one side to tell me the story of the man and his school, and two hours later, still adding interesting details, escorted me to my train. In my mind's eye I have even now a vivid picture of an alert, vigorous man with graying hair and a shining face who

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spoke with enthusiasm of what this other man was doing for needy childhood.

There are stories about the Confederate officer and about this veteran of a later war that show both would fight for the things they believe in. But we won't go into that, for, after all, I am telling about Battle and his dream. And yet it is worth while to note the kind of folks who have put their faith in this Negro man and to whom he has given his trust. Like his white backers, Battle radiates good will, for he has learned to use his fighting Zulu blood in overcoming conditions in place of fighting against persons.

Clearly, it is no exaggeration to say that this Okolona school was founded and has been sustained on faith. Clearly, too, the main clue to its success in winning the good will of the local community is the personality of a man. And so, to explain that success we must know the man who dreamed the dream and who got these others to help him make that dream come true. Now, because a man's deeds reveal him, let us ask what this Negro school-teacher has done to win the good will of that group, always large in any place, who frankly admit that they are convinced only by results.

SOME CONVINCING FACTS

"Battle has shaped others," I was told by Bishop Bratton, the head of the Episcopal Church in Mississippi, a Trustee who keeps in close touch with the affairs of the school. "There is, for example, a trained nurse in Okolona who before getting her professional education at Lincoln Hospital, in New York City, graduated from his school. Her work in nursing white patients has earned for her the love of Okolona."

Some of President Battle's ideas about what and how to teach have not only brought obviously good results, but have in themselves won approval. Thus he related to me with humorous gusto a personal experience. He was plowing one day some years after the founding of the school, when, as he neared the road, he was halted by Colonel Gordon, a white neighbor who at the outset had been frankly skeptical about his chance to succeed. The Colonel had gone so far, indeed, as to tell him once that because he had no white blood he could not possibly have the brains necessary for success. But facts had overcome the old gentleman's opinion. Perhaps it was by way of confessing this that he now said to the perspiring "field-hand:"

"Battle, you've got no business with a plow. It's 'nigger's' work; take this two dollars and get some one else to plow for you."

"And then," the President went on, with a laugh, "I did a real day's plowing, sure enough. I just stepped it off."

"You mean," I queried, "that you wanted to work in the field?"

"Exactly! You see it's part of our system of education here. If the students are to become interested in going on with farm work, the teachers must show their own interest by working with them. Even as the school grew larger and my duties as

WALLACE BATTLE OF OKOLONA

President took more and more time away from teaching, I still kept working with the boys until the men on the faculty rose up and refused to let me do it.

"When a new boy comes here, he is likely to object to our policy. He says he came to go to school, and not to go to the field. For he has been thinking more of getting away from the land and of making money. His ideal is to become rich. That is his incentive. But the school does not allow a divorce of work from education. Because once a boy gets divorced from work, he never marries it again. And so we insist on keeping him working while we keep him learning.

"We try, however, to arouse interest by modern methods of farming. A hoe chills a boy; but he will gladly miss classes to run the Fordson tractor. Two-thirds of modern farm machinery is equipped with seats. And boys like to ride. In fact, seats are solving the farm problem.

"Let a student learn that farming does not mean the slow, wasteful hand methods of former days, and he takes a new interest in it."

President Battle himself is no academic farmer. In the Alabama home of his boyhood his father, who had been taught by his master to be a good farmer, in turn taught him, so that he loves the land. And the mental training which he got at Talladega and Berea has enabled him to make the most of his earlier practical education. The proof is that by 1922 he had so renewed the fertility of some worn land he bought at the beginning that it averaged three-fourths of a bale of cotton and eighty bushels of corn to the acre. This turned out to be a higher average than was obtained in Talbernala Bottom, the local standard of farming excellence.

He has learned to stress the value of a rotation that includes such soil restorers as peas and beans, winter cover crops, and cattle or hay. For summer a deep seed-bed is needed to tide the crops over in droughts. One season, when there had been no rain for two months and other fields were parched, the corn in his renewed field "laughed at the sun at noon." And passers-by, thinking the secret lay, not in the treatment the land had received, but in the drought-proof seed, sometimes asked him to save them corn for their next season's planting.

So firmly does this educator believe that scholarship and physical labor strengthen and dignify each other, that he has even ventured to make educational use of the domestic service situation. The long vacation comes in the heat of summer, just when a housewife most needs help about the house and in the kitchen. But this is just the time, too, when the girls at the institute must seek employment in order to save the few dollars that they must have to re-enter in the fall.

To help all concerned, President Battle worked out a plan for the employment of the girl students by local housewives. The striking thing about this plan is that a girl is allowed to work only where a room is provided for her under her employer's own roof. As a result of this policy, some two dozen rooms have been built especially to accommodate such colored help. Because this is a novel departure from the old custom of a room in the yard, I made careful inquiries; but white citizens assured me that the community recognized that such a stipulation was only reasonable in order to safeguard these young women. Let us note in passing that in itself such association with refined, capable white

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housewives and home-makers is highly educational.

The net result of the Battle educational system is that the boy is trained to become "a real dirt-farmer." By the time he has completed the course "he can build a modest farm cottage, build a barn for stock, and make things grow. . . . The girls are trained to be mates for men of this caliber. . . . When they leave Okolona, they can manage a household," whether it be their own or another's. Scholastic training is given from the fifth grade through the eleventh. Any pupil in the school can qualify to teach in rural Negro schools. And at graduation each receives a permanent first-grade State teacher's certificate. Recently, after a careful investigation, the Episcopal Church in the United States has undertaken to aid the school. And thus the continued life of the institution is assured.

In his college days Battle built a castle in the air, a school that would afford real education to the youth of his own race. He has brought it down out of the clouds and established it on the Mississippi prairies. It is now real substance; wood, mortar, and brick upon soil whose fertility has been renewed by the educated brains and skilled hands of teachers and students. White friends and black surround it. And it is to last always.

But how did this castle in the air become real? Does not the record prove, as I maintained when I began, that it is the inevitable outgrowth of faith and the results of faith? But those who know Wallace Battle best have delivered the final verdict—a verdict that cannot be gainsaid. Long after the foundation of the institute the Trustees spread upon the minutes of the Board the simple but affecting words that I now quote:

"For fifteen years from the date of this School's foundation by him in August, 1902, President Battle served without salary and bore with indomitable spirit the heavy end of all the burdens and distresses attendant on the hard fortunes of its upbuilding, he and his family living the most of that time without a home, in a part of the School's trade shop.

"The School's Trustees, having now determined to place President Battle on a regular salary, desire by this instrument to record their recognition of his *devoted and unselfish labors* in the service of his people, his State and the Nation; labors of which the School itself stands as a monument."

A MATTER OF CONSERVATION

BY CAPTAIN EDWARD C. CROSSMAN

ONCE upon a time there was a man who said that he couldn't see the woods on account of the trees.

I don't know his name, but sometimes I am moved to suspect that it was Sam, and that he was an uncle and lived in Washington, D. C. It does appear to the puzzled layman that the aforesaid old gentleman with the white goatee and the trousers strapped under his boots is doing his best to get the trees cleared away so his view of the woods won't be hindered.

Most of the past year I have spent deep in the Oregon backwoods, viewing the workings of the old gentleman's forest conservation and land settlement laws, and I have reached the conclusion that as a conserver of our available standing timber he is in some respects first cousin to a good rousing forest fire.

In one department of his Government he is still operating under land settlement laws which were quite *au fait* for, say, Ohio about 1817 A.D., when a tree was looked upon with the same affection with which the present Colorado rancher regards the prairie-dog and the California rancher the ground-squirrel.

In another he is enforcing forestry regulations which in the general opinion of the Westerner show a far more tender solicitude for brush and forest débris than for the trees themselves. Jungles of brush, impenetrable to persons not equipped with wings or not good crawlers, increase year by year. There are regions on the Pacific coast where the foresters themselves cannot get in to fight the fires which a compensating nature has been in the habit of starting via the lightning route just to keep down the brush and the dead limbs and the dead trees themselves.

It is a strange and beautiful fact that before the coming of the white man the forests did quite well by themselves, thank you; and if some thunderbolt of Mars did touch off a patch of scrub brush on a hillside, it was usually some patch that urgently needed burning. I have yet to be shown any particular improvement wrought by the tender care of the white man.

A survey of the general timber conditions is not very reassuring as to the amount of material left on which to try arm-chair theories evolved in Washington. Conservative estimates made before the beginning of the building boom of 1922 put the available timber supply of these United States as sufficient for less than forty years at the rate of consumption increase then shown by the established curve.

What the estimate would show at the end of that hectic year of 1922, and the still more hectic one of 1923, I don't know, but I fear that the forty-year figure would have to be revised downward.

We find Alabama, for instance, which has been furnishing long-leaf pine as well as inspiration for "coon-song" writers, reporting that the near future promises that, instead of being a generous exporter of pine, she'll be dickering with the Pacific coast magnates for enough lumber to build her own houses.

This holds true of most of the Southern States, and it is doubtful if the end of a decade with any such building boom as we are now enjoying will find them any considerable factor in the lumber supply of the country at large. The only large storehouse is the Pacific coast. Only the future can say how long it will last at the present attractive prices for lumber and the mass attacks of the millions of would-be house-owners and their agents, the builders and real estate men.

In spite of all this, the old gentleman at Washington still entertains erroneous ideas as to what constitutes valuable or merchantable timber. He still feels that if the conditions of one hundred years, or even twenty-five years, ago made most land more valuable than the timber upon it, then they still apply in this year of 1923. Do they? Is it good public policy to permit a settler to file upon a piece of land and "prove up" upon it, and log it off, and then abandon the worthless land, which the settler knew from the first was worthless for agriculture? Is it good public policy to inform some hopeful and sincere homesteader that if he does not cut down and burn up twenty acres or more of good timber he cannot prove up? Even though distance from the railway and present timber demand do not make these trees "merchantable timber" in this year 1923, what of the year 1933? How were the trees of New York and Ohio classified when they were cut down and burned with the cheerful abandon which now marks the same cutting and burning in the homestead areas of the Pacific coast? Lord knows, they were merchantable enough fifty years ago, and who is to say now that trees 150 feet high and two feet thick won't be far more valuable than the poor ground they cover

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within a decade or two? Yet on either side of me are "slashings" of just such trees, drying and waiting to be burned up in one grand holocaust because at present the railway is forty miles away and the timber is not in demand.

"Slashing" merely means waltzing through the forest with ax and crosscut saw until every tree, big and little, lies prostrate, to lie and dry through the summer, and then to be burned, first as one grand conflagration, and then the trunks sawed into sections and rolled into piles, and the job finished on these funeral pyres of good timber.

Of course location to a great extent determines the value of a thing. It is rumored, but not confirmed, that the snowball, so worthless north of the Arctic Circle, would bring a very high price if delivered in Hades.

When I left southern California in the early spring, rough Oregon pine, which is a trade name for Douglas fir, was worth about $45 per thousand in the form of rough siding. To-day I watched my neighbors spend ten minutes falling one of the same firs, two feet through at the butt and 150 feet high, containing probably 1,500 feet of lumber. It will lie where it is until fall, and then it will go up in flames. They had nothing against this fir or any other of the fifty or more they were slashing on that little plot, but the land laws said they had to clear a certain proportion of their eighty acres, and they were duly clearing it. They already have enough land clear to take care of their needs. They are too far from a town to pay them to raise much for the market.

Such conditions may be the exception, although there is a worse exception a half-mile from me; but why insist on such restrictions, obviously the outcome of the early American's intense prejudice against the woods which covered so much of the present farming country of the East?

I quote from the land settlement laws, which were, through the muscles and the tools of my neighbors, destroying good timber:

"During the second year not less than one-sixteenth of the area entered must be actually cultivated, and during the third year and until final proof cultivation of not less than one-eighth must be had."

"No reduction in area of cultivation will be permitted on account of the expense in removing the standing timber from the land. If lands are so heavily timbered that the entryman cannot reasonably clear and cultivate the area prescribed by the statute, such entries will be considered speculative and not made in good faith for the purpose of obtaining a home. The foregoing applies to lands containing merchantable or valuable timber."

Ergo, our benevolent Uncle tells the homesteader that unless he cuts down and burns up 20 acres of his 160 acres of timber to prove his good faith, he cannot prove up, and his efforts will go for nothing. To the ordinary layman it would seem a more sane proceeding, when the land is thus timbered, to say to the homesteader: "Build you a good house and a barn and a corral, and make a good garden and cultivate about five acres, so I can see that you mean business, then see to it that you take care of the rest of that timber. We may need it badly before we get through."

I don't know why the homesteader who does this is not entitled to make a little profit on his timber in the years to come, instead of slashing it down and burning it up, and trying to get the reward for his toil out of the land itself. It is all a remnant of the ideas engendered in the days when our early settlers were trying to unwrap Ohio and other States from their forest coverings.

If you stopped one of those old boys and commenced to talk about merchantable timber, the matter would resolve itself into a race to see whether you got into the woods and cover before the old gentleman got to the house and his squirrel rifle.

An old gentleman from New York State once remarked that he had spent his youth cutting down and burning up valuable timber to make sure he'd be poor in his old age.

Who is to say, in view of the lessons we have had, what is valuable timber in this year 1923?

The other fault I have to find with the kindly old party in Washington is his passionate love for brush jungles, dead limbs, and forest débris in general. I know that he claims this to be inspired by his devotion to the trees themselves, but the connection is somewhat difficult for the average layman to grasp.

Apparently the same forestry policy is followed through the reserves, from the semi-arid mountains of southern California, where the brush forms an important part of the watershed, to the heavily timbered slopes of Oregon and Washington, where lies our most valuable remaining timber.

Wherefore do the gallant gentlemen of the Forest Service fight an increasing number of battles each year with the fires touched off by fool campers with their careless cigarettes and equally careless camp-fires, the fires set by incendiaries, and the fires started by Dame Nature in her age-old attempt to equalize matters? The orders seem to be to fight all fires, whether they be in some pestiferous brush jungle higher than the trolley-pole of a street car and remote from timber, or in the timber itself.

The brush grows higher with each year; likewise the fires grow hotter and more likely to kill the timber. Not far from me is a swath where a fire swept up from the bottom of one canyon, across the ridge, and down into the bottom of the next canyon. It was a brush fire, pure and simple—the ordinary sort of ground fire which makes up the bulk of those on the Pacific coast—but every tree in the strip is as dead as King Tut's favorite saddle horse. Heat is required to kill trees in this fashion, and fuel is necessary to produce heat.

Obviously, the brush must be protected in southern and certain other parts of California, because this, and this alone, serves to prevent bad floods in the time of the big rains and to hold the moisture for the gradual feeding of the mountain streams. North of the Oregon line—and, for that matter, in much of the country south of it—there is little parallel to the southern California conditions. No man who has gazed down one of the Siskiyou's blue and green timbered troughs needs be told that here in this great timbered area brush is not the essential that it is farther south.

Not only is it not essential, but in the firm opinion of nine out of ten of the mountain people it is undesirable. And I make due allowance for the prejudice of the man who wants to run his stock over the reserves in the summer-time, and finds the feeding-grounds grown higher year by year in the Department's cherished jungles. Such folks are quite likely to measure the situation by the yardstick of their own personal interests.

The trails themselves are in some instances growing nearly impassable to pack-trains, and the forest rangers have trouble getting through the brush to put out the fires in the self-same brush.

Before the coming of the white man the Indians, in a great many sections at least, burned off the undergrowth each year to make traveling easier and to facilitate their hunts. What the Indians didn't burn Dame Nature did by virtue of the lightning. The early settlers likewise followed suit, and when they found a "brushy hell" developing on some ridge they pushed a lighted match into one edge of it and went away to let man's servant do the rest.

The fact remains, as testified to by the old settlers and by the Indians, that the country was open and easy of access, with the timbered slopes more like parks than the present jungles. Bad fires were comparatively rare, in spite of the lack of the protecting hands of those earnest and hard-working gentlemen, the forest rangers—one of the finest bodies of men we have in the public service.

One would be led to think, reading the theories of the Forest Service gentlemen, that we had no forests before

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they evolved their tender solicitude for the brush and forest débris; that the entire mountain country was covered by a snaggly assemblage of sickly looking trees which grew fewer and fewer as the years rolled by. The recollections of the old-timers and the accounts of the early explorers don't bear out this conclusion of the forest gentlemen.

Last fall, as we gained the divide on the main chain of the Siskiyous between the Rogue River watershed and that of the Klamath, there came sailing up a large juicy black cloud, with lesser satellites, and they proceeded to take up a position athwart the course of our pack-train, and then to rake us with rain, hail, wind, and bolts of lightning in the fashion which must be experienced in the high peaks to be appreciated to its full extent. In an hour the black clouds were gone, but the next day from a lofty perch we could see scattered over the thirty-mile area the pillars of smoke which marked fires. My friend the ranger told me that this one storm had started seventeen fires from the lightning. Of course there came the buzzing airplane from Yreka, and the pack outfits and men from the ranger stations, and in one instance whole motor-car loads of men from fifty miles away to fight a particularly bad fire.

Such electric storms didn't come in with the white man; he didn't invent them, nor yet change the climate. Who put out the fires in the years gone by? The forests didn't burn, we know that.

Certainly they cannot be allowed to run with the country overgrown with its present brush jungle; but why allow such a condition to get worse?

Thus far the dreaded and nearly hopeless "crown fire" rarely occurs on the Pacific slope, one reason for its absence being climate, and another lack of high and steady wind to convert any one of the innumerable brush fires into the real forest fire.

But just let the jungles get thick enough and the right climatic condition of some great area of low pressure take place when a fire breaks out and a real wind picks up—and we'll have a real ring-tailed buzzer of a fire. A "crown fire," incidentally, is that sort in which the fire runs through the trees with a high wind to help it along—the "forest fire" of popular conception, but which occurs more often in the great woods of the Canadian border country than it does in the mountains of the West.

The crown fire runs instead of creeps; rather, it flies instead of crawling. Instead of a lazy fire, crackling and hissing its snakelike way through the brush of the mountainside, it goes through the trees at something like the speed of the wind itself, and instances have been known where the flames have leaped openings hundreds of yards wide, to touch off trees on the farther side. You cannot fight such a fire by back-firing, you can't stop it by scratching away the inflammable material on the ground or by cutting a twenty-foot swath through the brush. Even in this Pacific coast country there is a record of a crown fire in recent years which burned three miles in less than an hour.

The condition of our forests is sufficient proof of the fact that crown fires were practically unknown in the past; but this is no indication of what may happen with the right combination of a brushy furnace at the foot of heavy timber and a high and steady wind.

The forestry gentlemen argue, in defending their assiduous brush conservation, that, in addition to protecting the watershed and preventing a too rapid run-off during heavy rains, the brush aids in reforestation; that the conifers reseed and reforest the brushy areas adjoining, that the timber eventually kills off the brush, and that in addition the brush tends to kill itself off. They say that when the brush gets high enough and assumes more of the tree form, shading its own roots and cutting off the light, it automatically kills itself. All of which is doubtless true; it is not fitting for a layman to argue with the gentlemen specializing in any subject. I can reply to this only that the brush thus far seems in excellent health and spirits, that it seems to contemplate nothing at all in the line of suicide, and that if before it thus abolishes itself it catches fire and kills a lot of valuable timber it would seem better if it didn't exist in the first place.

A young conifer which has been browned on both sides and nicely frizzled on top by a hot brush fire is a poor example of reforestation; it rarely amounts to much in later life, I am sorry to say.

To quote the Government's own words in its report of forest fires in California, "Protection fails if in even one out of ten years large fires destroy the timber grown during nine years of successful protection."

Which is precisely why the layman gets the idea that permitting brush to grow into jungles in heavily timbered areas is not good forestry when he reflects that in nine years there were 10,499 fires in the California forest reserves, with nearly 1,800 of them incendiary and 4,300 lightning fires—two sorts of fires that, like the poor, we shall always have with us.

The festive camper set only 2,239 fires as compared to 1,750 incendiary, all of which indicates pretty strongly that a lot of fellows don't approve of the Forestry policies. It seems unfortunate to permit a condition to exist which will inspire the natives of a region to take the law into their own hands and risk a trip to a Federal penitentiary to remove. Like most other men who take the law into their own hands, these incendiary yaps are poor jugglers; the condition no longer exists which will permit remedying the brush jungle trouble by lawless burning, without risking entire watersheds and much valuable timber.

When a man will trek into the hills under the powerful telescope of a forest lookout on his high peak, and there set fire to the brush in not only one but a dozen places, with each blue cloud advertising his presence, he must feel pretty strongly that the Forest Service is wrong. My old friend John Guest says that lightning is a new name for a fellow with a match and a dislike for brush.

Quoting our little book again, "On the Klamath as many as 46 and on the Trinity as many as 32 incendiary fires have been set in one day in one ranger's district." "Probably the irreconcilable grazier has been the greatest offender, both by direct action and preaching fire propaganda."

Obviously, in districts where the watershed consists chiefly of brush cover the irreconcilable grazier must give way to the greatest good of the greatest number, but I admit that in some districts in Oregon and northern California it is as difficult to explain the situation to said irreconcilable or any other layman as it is to explain to the hungry rancher up a river why he cannot take a salmon any way he pleases when the great canneries at the mouth of the stream are scooping them up by the ton.

Obviously, the Forest Service gentlemen have some good reason for their policies with regard to the brush in the regions where there seems no reason for its protection. The layman, not being in possession of the facts and figures, is not in position to argue intelligently.

But, as a great statesman once remarked, we are confronted by a condition, not a theory.

And the condition is that the National Forests are growing up into ever-thickening jungles; the forest débris is accumulating year by year; travel is being made more and more difficult; grazing is becoming impossible in many districts; the fire hazard is becoming undoubtedly worse; and the enemies of the timber are each year finding more shelter and encouragement.

Enthusiasts are prone to go to the extremes, particularly conservationists. Sometimes I am inclined to think our Forest Service friends are doing likewise.

Interference with Dame Nature has produced some queer and unexpected results in the past, and our Forest Service friends might well note the fact.

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FROM CONGRESS TO CABINET

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

CHAPTER V—DEPARTMENTAL LIFE

EARLY in my term as Commissioner of Public Works in Brooklyn under the Low administration I expressed to Mr. Rives, the Corporation Counsel, my intention of conducting my office upon a business basis.

"Forget it," said Mr. Rives; "it can't be done."

This surprising advice from the city's chief law officer brought forth the natural question, "Why not?"

"Because of the statutes," he replied.

Long afterward a prominent member of the House of Representatives said to that body in substance that they had taken such steps to keep officials from doing wrong as to prevent their doing much that was right.

On assuming a Cabinet post one faces a maze of statutes, new and old and constantly changing. Two official safeguards are provided for procedure under these. One is the Solicitor of the department, who is a law officer of the Department of Justice assigned to act as legal adviser—a sort of personal pilot amid the confused channels of law. The other is the Comptroller of the Treasury, who, powerful and all but invisible, says what you may lawfully spend and how. He is the official interpreter of financial laws—an active protector of the public purse. Sooner or later these two guardians are pretty certain to differ in the interpretation of some law.

The laws themselves with which one has to deal are amazingly inconsistent and sometimes absurdly detailed. Let no one imagine that work proceeds under general statutes allowing freedom within their scope. Many acts normal to ordinary business are forbidden. Such matters as the number of scrubwomen and their individual wages are specified by Congress in appropriation acts. Fewer may be employed, but not more, and no one of them may be paid even twenty-five cents a day over the statutory sum. Only occasionally were "lump sum" appropriations made giving wide discretion in details within certain limits.

That which is lawful for one service to do is often unlawful for another. "It is absurd," says my report for 1916, "that an officer of the United States, having gathered at public cost valuable information for the benefit of manufacturers all over the land, should not be permitted to lay those facts before a convention of such manufacturers except at his own personal expense or when some other reason for his presence can be contrived."

International

Former Secretary Redfield describes in this chapter many interesting details of his departmental life while a member of the Wilson Cabinet

An earlier report said: "It surely was not the intention that the law should prohibit the commercial representatives of the country from making known directly to business organizations the information which they have traveled far and labored hard to get. Yet this is the effect of the restrictions embodied in the law."

The law forbade paying from any appropriation the "expenses of attendance of any person at any meeting or convention of members of any society or association" unless expressly authorized by law. One bureau in the Department had this authority. Several others to which it was equally important and more strictly official were repeatedly refused it. To remedy a minor evil a worse one was created.

Within a service also there were sometimes queer inconsistencies of law. Thus the Bureau of Fisheries had a fleet of eight ships which were operated under three differing statutory provisions. Five ran under specific appropriations, providing the number of persons to be employed on each vessel and the pay of each person. One worked under a "lump sum" appropriation, leaving the number of men to be employed and their pay at discretion within the total sum allowed. Two ships were manned by naval officers and crews supplied by the Navy Department, with a small civilian staff from the Fisheries Service. There was no reason for these differences, but repeated attempts to get Congress to harmonize them were unsuccessful.

DESTRUCTIVE MESHES OF LAW

The bureaucrat is made necessary by law—not in terms, but in reality. He works within the web of the law. Congress sits outside on its hill eager to detect any departure from the precise rules it has laid down. The only possible course a subordinate may take with safety is to follow laws in their strict literal meaning. Only the head of the department, guided by his legal advisers, may interpret them. The law provided for the appointment of "special agents" in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. They had always been men. Occasion arose to appoint a qualified woman. The bureau demurred because the law did not specify women, and it was necessary for the Secretary to rule that when sex was not mentioned either men or women might be selected.

Recently a young man who was born in Algiers was held at Ellis Island as an African. At the time of his birth his French parents were temporarily in Algeria, where his father represented a French insurance company. When one year old, the son was taken to Paris and lived there

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twenty-six years, till he came to America. He carried an official certificate of French citizenship, but our statute makes the place of birth the test of nationality, and the African quota was full. The local immigration authorities could not exercise final discretion, and had to parole him for inquiry. When the case came before the Department in Washington, where the intent of the law could be considered, it was soon decided to admit the young Frenchman and include him in the quota of France.

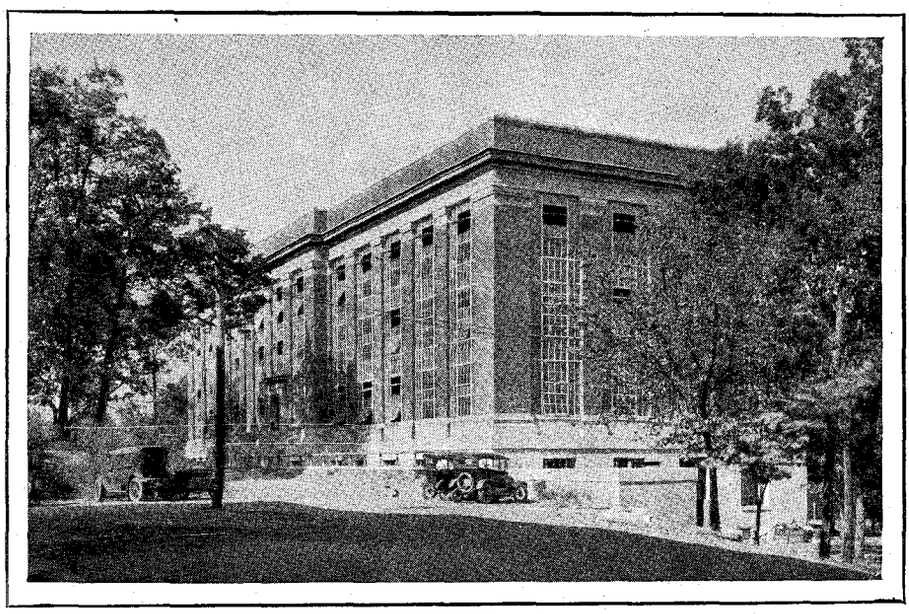
It is often said as if it were the sum of political wisdom that this is a "government of laws and not of men." Verily this is true, and we carry it to the extreme. Laws and laws and yet more laws are passed till brains and hands are enveloped in meshes that destroy initiative and force intelligent men to work as automata. We have made a weakness out of a virtue. Statute is piled upon statute, often ignoring existing laws and organizations, until energy is paralyzed and, in the words of my successor, "There is inevitable overlap, duplication, and lack of concentration of purpose."

An experience with the Civil Service Commission will illustrate what has been said about literal compliance with law. It also shows the force of the old saying, "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." A young fellow who had finished high school and wished to study in a higher institution needed temporary employment. He applied for permission to take a Civil Service examination, and in his application so stated the time of his birth as to make his age eighteen—the minimum age fixed by law. Six months later the Civil Service Commission discovered that at the time of his application he had been but seventeen years eleven months and seven days of age instead of eighteen, as he had stated. At the time of his actual examination he was just seventeen days short of full eighteen years. They charged him, on this account, with deliberately breaking the law, and because of this error demanded that I dismiss him from a temporary post he held in the Department of Commerce, stating also that they would bar him in the future from all positions under the Civil Service Law. No allowance was made for the fact that his statement had been made in a zeal for employment for a laudable purpose and that his service had been satisfactory. I protested vigorously against what was, in my judgment, not only a narrow interpretation of the law, but a stigma on the character of a young fellow at the outset of his career. I refused to dismiss him. He later served in the Navy during the war, and after two years the Civil Service Commission withdrew its bar.

THE TROUBLES OF A CABINET OFFICER

A business executive usually does his work without feeling that his organization is constantly threatened with dismemberment. Not always so in a Government department. The head thereof, if he knows his Old Testament, must sometimes recall how the men under Nehemiah rebuilt the wall of Jerusalem with a sword in one hand, for hardly a session of Congress passes without an effort to alter the structure of some department. Sometimes this is normal evolution, a readjustment to constantly expanding work, but it is not always so. Occasionally another department, or some ambitious official in it, desires to take over some work you are doing and feels free to ask Congress to transfer it without consulting you, or some Senator or Congressman in pique or fancied knowledge suggests a change in the structure you are striving to develop. You must therefore be prepared to wrestle for existence as well as to do good service. The mail brings a copy of a pending bill, prepared without your knowledge, which transfers some of your work elsewhere, and you are asked to report thereon. Then commences a more or less serious struggle which may last for weeks.

Frequent efforts were made to transfer the Commercial Attaché Service, which I originated and organized, to the State Department. The Bureau of Corporations was turned over to the Federal Trade Commission; the force of the Cost of Production Division went to the Tariff Commission and was disbanded, and time and again efforts were made to detach other agencies. One was never sure of ending the year with the organization with which it was begun. Growth is evidence of life, and one must not complain of the changes it brings. As this is written a measure is pending making many shifts in Government services. When thoughtfully done for the best interest of Government business and not for the satisfaction of one department, the process works out well. It is nevertheless difficult to administer a shifting organization effectively.



This special laboratory is devoted to the study of metals and to the construction of high precision gauges. It is the scene of the Bureau of Standards' extraordinary services to American industries

BUILDING SHIPS AND SCRUBBING FLOORS

Do you ask just what Government departments are? I reply that they are in details unlike but in general they are great business establishments running factories, buying goods, distributing products, employing workmen of many kinds, engaged in building, navigating, traveling, research, farming, and in almost every kind of productive activity. Specifically the Department of Commerce ran several machine shops (three in Washington), woodworking shops, a brass-working shop, a glass works, a foundry, a pottery, two instrument-making shops, and carried on many other industrial and business enterprises.

Now let us state it differently. A Government department is also a great business which cannot be run all the time or in all its parts on a business basis, because it is under the control of a Board of Directors who do not understand the details of the business and who lack confidence in the management. Therefore this business—it is, by the way, your business, yours

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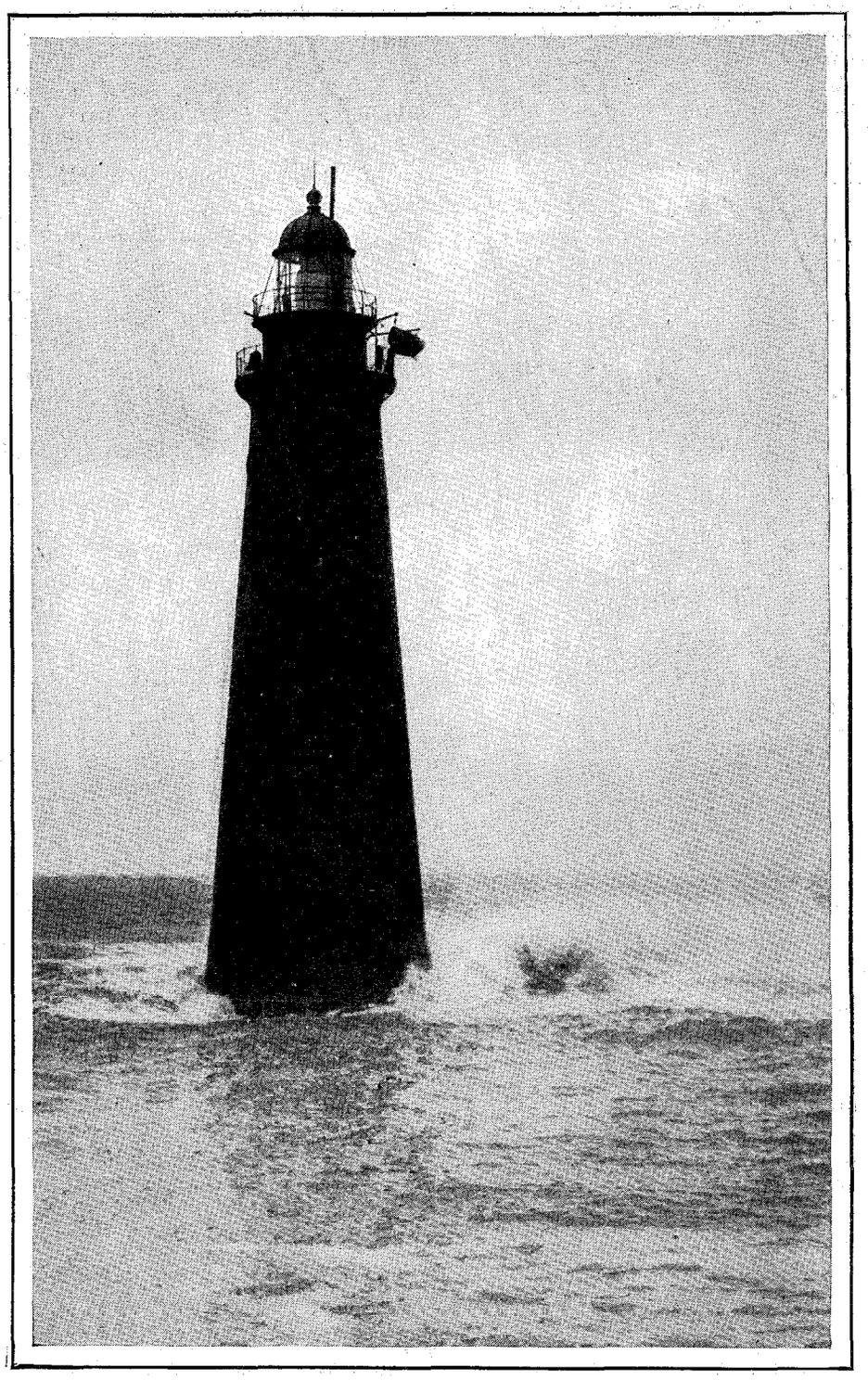
who read this—has about it curious paradoxes. Its directors do not look at it *as a whole* and provide for its efficient working as one great organization. On the contrary, they look at it in small details and arrange for these frequently in ways opposed to the judgment and request of the managers. Consequently such things often occur as abundant means for some work and insufficient for another—poverty here for this and riches there for that. One task, therefore, is done well, the other is ill done or not at all. Hence the curious phenomenon, of which more later, of actual refunds to the Treasury of unused moneys for some parts of the work while others are calling in vain for sufficient funds. One may be able to build a ship, but lack means to pay for cleaning floors.

A TYPICAL DAY'S WORK

Let us follow the Secretary of the Department through a day's work. The heavy morning mail has been distributed to eight bureaus and to the several divisions which compose the Secretary's office. Some has gone to the Assistant Secretary, and such only as requires the Secretary's personal care is placed on his desk. Among the letters is one from the White House inclosing a bill affecting the work of the Department just passed by Congress, and asking if the Secretary knows any reason why the President should not sign it. A check for perhaps $500,000 comes from the contractor who finishes and sells the Government sealskins, covering only a part of the season's catch. With it is another check perhaps for $30,000—the proceeds of the sale of skins taken from the National herd of foxes. The Department pay-roll is presented for signature. Congress sends a resolution calling for information or asks appearance before a committee. There are requests for business conferences, various reports and letters from the eight services of the Department, many requests for information and assistance, a share of complaints—the usual business mail. It *is* business mail; there is little that is political about it.

The Solicitor enters, visibly disturbed, the "Congressional Record" in his hand. Senator X. or Representative Y. has made some imaginative remarks about the work of the Department or has introduced a bill changing its structure. Perhaps a measure favored by the Department is delayed or opposed. An act has been passed requiring certain work for which there is no appropriation. The Solicitor asks if he should go to the Capitol and try to straighten matters. "Do so and report."



The Secretary of Commerce is held responsible for the efficiency of the Lighthouse Service. This picture shows Minot's Ledge Light Station off the coast of Massachusetts

The Director of the Bureau of Standards telephones that the American Society of Automotive Engineers (or some other scientific body) is to meet there next day. "Will the Secretary come out and say a few words of welcome and also look over the plans for equipping the new laboratory?"

The Commissioner of Lighthouses enters with his naval architect to submit drawings of a new seagoing tender for the Pacific coast. He remains to say that the light station on Navassa Island, West Indies, is completed after serious difficulties arising from isolation and the lack of fresh water. He shows the schedule for new aids to navigation in Alaskan waters for the present year, and expresses concern about the inadequate depot near Hampton Roads. He urges particularly that steps be taken to secure from Congress adequate pay for the district inspectors. Perhaps he leaves a copy of the "Lighthouse Service Bulletin" with such items as the following: "The keeper of Cape Ann Light Station, Massachusetts, reports: 'At 9 P. M., December 31, a large flock

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of geese bound south hit the north tower, killing five. Three broke through the glass in the tower, breaking two window panes and clipping the prisms of the lens very badly on the northeast side." (Bad for the tower, but good for the keeper's table.)

Another keeper—this time at Calcasieu Range Light, coast of Louisiana—writes: "For the last three nights the station has been so overrun with various species of bugs and insects that it has been impossible, even with constant care, to keep a good light. They settle on the lantern glass so thickly that is doubtful if the light is visible three miles distant."

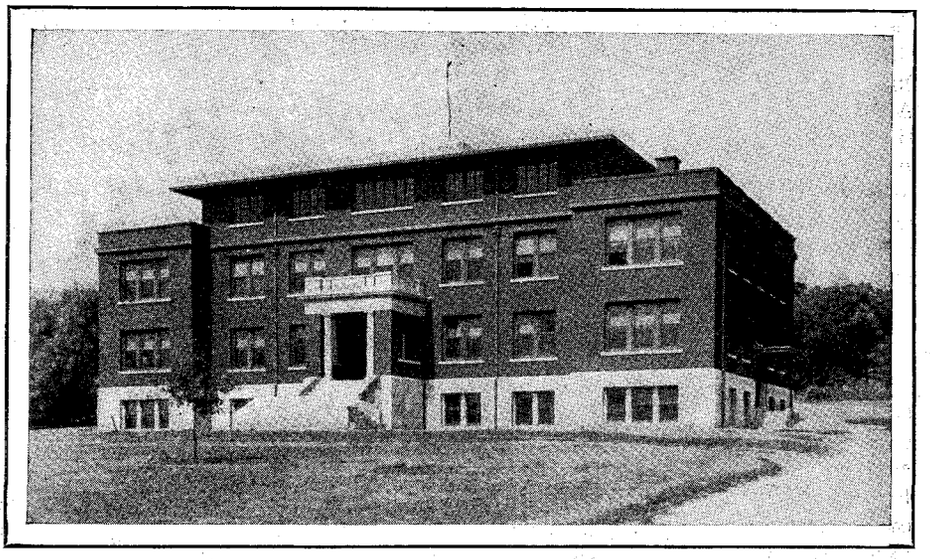
The disbursing clerk comes in hastily to tell that the House Appropriations Committee has reported a "cut" that will involve discharging part of the force of an important division; also that another appropriation will be useless in its proposed form, since it provides only for the field service and prohibits employment of the necessary help in Washington. He is told to communicate the facts to the clerk of the Committee and to arrange, if possible, for a hearing.

CORN BREAD AND PLANKED SHAD

The Commissioner of Fisheries calls to ask an interview. He is concerned about the numerous shad nets in Chesapeake Bay, which block the way into the Potomac River, on which our hatchery is located at Bryan's Point. Not even a super-shad could find the way through the labyrinth. So we arrange to go on the Fishhawk to investigate at an early date. And this recalls pleasant incidents in connection with the shad hatchery at Bryan's Point, a busy place in spring, from which many millions of shad were planted annually in the Potomac River. Incidental to the process was the capture of many fine fresh shad. Thither in the season parties of Congressmen were several times conveyed in the little steamer that connected the hatchery with Washington. The colored cook was an artist in preparing planked shad. A great fire was built in the open and the shad were placed before it, fastened to the planks, with pieces of salt pork judiciously distributed upon them. Meanwhile, in the kitchen, corn bread and other accompaniments were being prepared, and when the Congressmen were seated at the table they waited not for points of order.

It was delightful to see the speed with which those shad made their way into Congressional interiors. The story went and is not here denied that one Congressman ate a whole large shad and a half.

But the day is not yet half gone.



In Fairport, Iowa, is a remarkable Government laboratory in which fish are inoculated with mussel germs to maintain the pearl-button industry

The Commissioner of Navigation replies to an inquiry that the reduced fines imposed for breaches of the navigation laws more than pay the purchase price of the small vessels used and the cost of their operation. He sends down a number of radio licenses for signature and speaks with approval of the radio school operated in Boston by one of his inspectors. His Deputy Commissioner calls to ask the appointment of delegates to the Conference on Safety of Life at Sea, soon to be held in London.

Here comes a surprise—the owner of the motor vessel Kilkenny, purchased to aid in enforcing the navigation laws, returns the check for $8,500 sent to pay for the boat, and presents the Kilkenny to the Government.

The Chief of the Steamboat Inspection Service enters to present a supervising inspector from the Mississippi Valley—one of the group assembled for the annual conference. He says that on a recent inspection of a vessel in regular service carrying three hundred passengers the boiler was found to have an inside crack extending seven feet around its head and reaching from the inner surface to within a hair's breadth of the outer skin. The mere fraction of sound metal that remained was all that kept the boiler from blowing up under the steam pressure of 190 pounds which was used. The boiler was but five years old. He brings with him a murderer in the shape of a fusible plug that failed to fuse and thus caused an explosion which killed fifteen persons. The plug ought to have melted when the water got so low in the steamship boiler that the crown sheet was exposed. Had its duty been done, the fire would have been extinguished. The man who made that supposedly fusible plug had poured it full of slag instead of soft metal; the slag would not melt, and so fifteen lives were lost.

WHY IS A BUSINESS MAN NOT BELIEVED IN WASHINGTON?

A number of callers who are waiting in the anteroom must be received, although it is almost time for lunch. Here is one of them with a strange question. He is the head of the largest concern of its kind in the land, and asks: "Mr. Secretary, why is a business man not believed in Washington?" Elsewhere, he says, his word is accepted as a matter of course, but in the National capital he meets polite incredulity. He is told, *inter alia*, that suspicion in Washington often usurps the place of wisdom, and that it is unfortunately too true that some business men come here with minds singularly devoted to their own interest and not over-concerned with the public welfare. Confidence is withheld from some who deserve it because there are others who do not.

When the Secretary returns from lunch, a note awaits him saying that the Director of the Census wishes him to see the new integrating counter which is ready on the fourth floor. This gives an opportunity to exhibit to the Representative who accompanies him the counter, which has been developing for months under a special appropriation. It is planned to be ready for work on the census of 1920. After examining it he takes the Representative to the Census machine shop, on the second floor, that he may see in operation the very wonderful tabulating machinery which the Bureau of the Census designs and builds for its own use.

Back to the office on the seventh floor to receive a telephone message from Foreign and Domestic Commerce, saying the commercial attaché at Shanghai cables that with his aid

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an American maker of textile machinery has taken an order for $2,000,000 worth of cotton-mill equipment. A less happy announcement is that the commercial attaché to Buenos Aires, *en route* down the west coast of South America, has been shipwrecked. He fortunately escaped unhurt, but with the loss of his personal baggage.

A SUBMERGED SKYSCRAPER

An inquiry goes to the Coast and Geodetic Survey about the progress of wire drag work. They reply that a rock has been found by the drag off Boston, near where the battleship Wyoming recently lay, that had eight feet less water over it than the ship draws. They also tell of a pinnacle rock in an Alaskan channel rising from the bottom in six hundred feet of water to within eighteen feet of the surface—a sharp-pointed spine, higher than the Washington Monument and little larger, waiting to tear the bottom of a vessel. Fortunately, unlike others, this one was found before it did such deadly work. More callers by appointment. Then the Secretary's confidential clerk comes in with a pile of papers from all the services which require signature; with them is the outgoing mail.

There is but time before the day closes for a conference about the laboratory at Fairport, Iowa, recently destroyed by fire. Here we inoculate fish with mussel germs to maintain the pearl-button industry. In the early eighties there came to the United States a peasant from Hanover who had been a button-maker. He drifted out to Muscatine, Iowa, and one day when walking along the shores of the Mississippi River he picked up some mussel shells and was struck with the beauty of their nacre, or pearly interior. Realizing their value and usefulness, he sent to Hanover for his old lathe and began a small button factory. The business grew until today the industry employs thousands of persons, practically supports a number of small cities in the Mississippi Valley, and produces an output of buttons valued at eight or ten million dollars annually.

The result, however, was to deplete the teeming mussel beds of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the industry called on the Bureau of Fisheries to save its source of raw material from extinction. It was already known that these mussels had a peculiar life history. At a certain stage of development the young mussels are forcibly expelled from the shell of the mother. They are microscopic in size, and have minute shells which are furnished with hooks or teeth on the edge. If these immature mussels are left to themselves, they inevitably die. If, however, one of them touches a fish of an appropriate kind, it grips the tissue of the fish's gill or fin between its lips. The flesh of the fish swells and incloses the mussel. Thereafter it lives as a parasite, receiving sustenance from its host. After a time the tissue in which the mussel is enclosed ruptures, and out drops a small but complete mussel.

Investigations of the Bureau of Fisheries showed not only that the mussels are parasites on the fish, but that each species of mussel is a parasite on one species of fish, or a limited group of related fishes, and that it can survive on no others. The Bureau obtained mussels, dissected out the embryos, placed them in a tub of water, and introduced the appropriate fish. Immediately the little mussels took hold of the fish in great numbers, and the latter were then liberated in the streams to carry the mussels for the required time and then automatically drop them to take up their independent career.

Operations of this kind are carried on at Fairport on an extensive scale, and three or four hundred million little mussels are planted annually in the rivers of the Mississippi Valley. On this work the continuance of our pearl-button industry depends.

LIVES OF ADVENTURE

The conference ends the day, but the actual incidents given afford only a glimpse of the work that lies behind them. Do you think, my reader, that accounts of Congressional debates and administration policies inform you fully about your Government? Does it seem to you that much of it is rather dreary, without vivid human interest or strong personal appeal? You get but a small part; most of the living story is untold. You have not heard of the wreck of the Armeria or the search that found and rescued the crew of the lost Tahoma. The life of the fine officer that led it went out when the Lusitania went down. You have not been told of the correspondent who wanted goldfish, "the solid gold variety, not the imitation kind," nor have you studied with the traveling school-teacher or feasted at the hands of the traveling cook. There are enterprise and adventure and heroic sacrifice of which the world knows little, and there is realism of the finer sort that would make the teller of pessimistic tales ashamed.

Do you seek life in the great out-of-doors, contact with the wild? Spend a few weeks with a field party of the Coast Survey or go with them to run the east boundary of Alaska. Do you wish to see strange lands and people? Accompany a traveling officer of Foreign and Domestic Commerce on a trip to Africa or Asia. Or perhaps you covet adventure at sea? It can be found on a lighthouse steamer. Are tales of "shanghaiing," mutiny, cruelty, and fierce abuses only echoes of the past? Talk with the chief marine officer of the Navigation Service and you will realize that the small rapid-fire gun on the bow of the Kilkenny was not put there for ornament.

Can you grasp the infinite romance of science? That romance appears in many forms and in close relation to human happiness in much that can be heard and seen at the Bureau of Standards. You may hear at the Fisheries Office of millinery taken from the bottom of Chesapeake Bay. Perhaps in a moment of deep confidence you may learn of a fish hatchery put by law where there was no water. And if you are fortunate, you may spend an evening with the genial chief of the Steamboat Inspection Service while he tells you the tales from his long experience. You will thus acquire a new sense of what your Government is and does, and will awake with surprise to the fact that so little is known about it.

It is common, and perhaps unconscious, assumption that the Government is the Capitol and the White House. There could hardly be a greater misapprehension of the subject. The Government begins with these; it does not end with them. Congress makes laws; the Executive carries them out; but it is the carrying out after Congress and the White House have both acted that constitutes the daily work of the Government. This work is as varied as the interests of mankind. It covers the whole round earth and affects us all, did we but know it, in our daily living.

THE PETTY SIDE OF UNCLE SAM

Numerous meannesses of Uncle Sam are described next week by former Secretary Redfield. He tells how ships are permitted to lie idle for lack of coal, cites the starvation wages for attachés' clerks, and tells of the actual loss of life due to lack of sufficient funds for the proper maintenance of lighthouse stations. The beggarly pay of experts in the Government service is called a National reproach.

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THE DEFEATED YEARS

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

THE old men will crowd
  Fireward, and sigh, "Alack,
She who was proud
  With hair more sleek and black

"Than a crow's wing on snow
  Is now burnt to gray—
That proud things pass so,
  Alack," they will say.

The old men will nod
  Each one a palsied head:
"Straight as a rod
  She was, with lips more red

"And curled than any
  Poppy after rain—
That she, loved by many,
  Should live alone with pain!"

The old men will chatter,
  For they will never guess
That years cannot matter
  Or spent loveliness. . . .

A heart that is given
  Once to the urgent flame,
Lips that are shriven
  With a belovèd name,

Bear love's extreme
  Honor; and breast and brow
Are set with a dream—
  No years can mock her now

Who gravely meets
  Time with a sharper truth
Than beauty earth defeats
  Or the light lance of youth. . . .

(But the old men will crowd
  Fireward, and sigh and say,
"She who was proud,
  Alack, is bent and gray. . . .")

AT SEA IN THE SILBERHORN

BY BILL ADAMS

One of the pleasantest things about an editor's job is the fact that he can make friends all over the world. Once upon a time The Outlook published a sea story which spoke of ringt'ls on a square-rigger. A veteran sailor, retired to a little ranch in California, took vigorous exception to this statement. As luck would have it, I was able to point out to him that the use of ringt'ls was perfectly proper, and also that he had missed a real error in one of the illustrations which accompanied the story. The fact that a New York editor had even a cursory knowledge of square-riggers made the author of the letter a more or less frequent correspondent of mine.

The ex-sailor was Bill Adams, who since his first letters were printed in The Outlook has published numerous sea stories in other magazines. I have never met Bill Adams, but I like to think of him as my friend. The reason why can easily be seen by any one who reads the latest of his letters to me. I have ventured to share it with Outlook readers.

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER.

SOME men find their hearts' ease in streets between great, many-storied buildings, others in the hills, some in the desert. I found God at sea.

What queer things happen in our every-day lives! Sometimes it seems as though God points a finger directly at one, saying:

"Wait—look here!"

I was thinking last night of an incident at sea, an incident of many years ago, when I was younger, and when I was very husky; when life was a bright and calling roadway, beautiful before me, and I longed to come on, and on, fast round every bending.

I was a young officer then, aboard a fine ship; one of the very finest of the fine ships of the seventies. There were few ships like her.

We were outbound for my seventh voyage with her, about Cape Horn, to San Francisco.

After an all-too-common fashion in ships of her class, she went to sea utterly unfit to go to sea—*undermanned*. At best the crew she carried was an insufficient crew, being but fourteen sailors, with eight young sea apprentices to help them. She was a lean four-master, lofty and long, 1,774 tons net register, and drawing 23 feet when loaded to the Plimsoll.

We sailed, our last five members of the crew leaping to her rail when, five men short, she towed out through the lock to the river and the sea near by. Those five were none of them sailors, but were what we knew as "pier-head jumps;" men out of work, out of luck. Two were jailbirds recently released, and doubtless with the sting of shame stabbing them. One was a lad who had come from Norway, a helper to the cook aboard some little wooden bark, and never had been on the sea before. The other two were lumbering, heavy-footed, dull-faced fellows from some north European port, deck-hands or stokers or stewards, or some

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such unsailor-like thing; quite unused to the sea.

We went to sea.

There were five pea-green boys, apprentices, in her half-deck.

The voyage was a hard voyage all the way down—through the bay, through the trades, over the line, past the Plate—until we neared the grim old Horn. When, almost losing her in a terrific blow north of the Falklands, the Old Man determined to put into Port Stanley for a new crew, the mate and I were delighted. A great weight was lifted from us.

But no sooner was she headed toward the islands than a romping north wind blew up—fair for the Cape. Away we went, the yards squared, and Port Stanley put out of mind. What skipper but would take a chance when nearing old Stiff with a stiff north wind on his quarter?

The mate and I looked at each other, and said nothing. Perhaps we flung the feckless forecastle hands a few extra curses when we set them to squaring the yards for the Horn. Off to the Horn she ran, and the sky hard-rimmed above her, the sea very desolate-seeming beneath.

The north wind held until we came nigh to the corner. The clouds drooped low, and the weather grew constantly more ominous. She ran on under all sail but her royals. We saw no land, but, bracing her up, knew without being told so that we had turned the corner of Staten and were heading toward Stiff itself. It was a hard breeze that afternoon, and the old hooker flew through a high following smother, with a million sea fowl all about her. Albatross hovered above her bulwarks, staring beady-eyed at the wingless creatures on her deck. Cape pigeons circled her in countless numbers. Ice-birds tinged the very sea with the faint blue of their wings. Molly-hawks and Cape hens screamed above her eddying wake.

The glooms of evening fell. After nightfall, when the water and clouds were hidden and one could see but a vague murk of darkening weather about her, I stood with the mate upon her bridge. The mate was brought up in an orphanage in the north country, having been found in a bundle of rags upon a doorstep one morning. He was a queer man. We were tremendous friends, and he gave me, a man very much his junior, a deal of good advice. He was a lover of books, and, though a true "bucko," who only the last voyage he had made had been heavily fined for ill treating his crew, was a man of a peculiar and self-attained culture.

As old Silberhorn drove on toward the Horn, darkness eerie about her, he recited to me Hood's poem about that fellow who, lost overboard from some craft, was picked up, unconscious, by a collier, and, coming to his senses, seeing the collier's coal-faced crew about him, thought himself to be

> Upon the devil's ship,
> Upon a devil's sea.

It was a fine setting for the recitation of the poem, and his manner of recitation gave me the "creeps," so that I begged him to stop. But he took my plea for an encore, and insisted upon letting me have the thing all over again.

Just as he was come to the end of it for the second time a cry rang out from the lookout man forward. Far ahead shone a dim light. The Old Man came hurrying from the chart-room.

"A steamer, eastbound from Australia," said he; but my heart was in my mouth. I ran to the forecastle head, and ran at once back. As I reached the quarter-deck the realization of what that light was had come to mate and Old Man.

On the desolate coast of Staten land there stands, or stood, a small lighthouse; kept by the Chileans, I believe, and tended by the men who tend the many sheep that are raised on the island. It is, or was, a blinking, winking, feeble little light, and doubtless has looked out by night on many a ship's death, just as it almost did upon old Silberhorn's.

We, with a hard wind bellying all our sail, were romping directly to destruction at our fifteen knots an hour. There was not an instant's time to lose.

I see to-day, as vividly as on that night, the great white crest of the Horn sea that met her, and, as we threw her helm down, bringing her up and into, and against, the upsweeping sea, swamped her full length.

Ahead of me, running to throw the fore braces off their pin, the mate was swept from his feet and hurled to the lee scuppers. The wind, before her beam now instead of on her quarter, roared. A wind on the quarter is a giant's lullaby; but a wind before the beam is, on a night like that, death's whisper.

Her topgallant sails, lowered lest the masts go, thrashed in the darkness above. She trembled like a mare with the wolves at her throat and staggered in the beat of the sea. Men's voices rose, shouting, cursing; an old sea-hardened sailor roused a song. An apprentice laughed—the clear, bright laugh of a boy.

I remember flinging the weather main braces off their pin and yelling to the hands to lay back, "For God's sake, *lay back, lads!*"

It takes long in the telling. It was soon over.

When I returned to the poop, the Old Man and his wife were there, staring through binoculars to where, upon her starboard quarter, a dim high fringe of whiteness glowed, hungry in the loom of night—the white water of the mad breakers of Staten land. She must with her flying keel have all but scraped the seaweeds from the rocks beneath her.

It is long ago.

At dawn the Horn lay abeam—black and cold above a leaden sea over which no wind blew, and on whose surface the countless sea fowl rested.

Old Silberhorn, the voyage after I left her, was sighted one thunderous evening, abandoned and ablaze, in mid-ocean. The smoke whirled dense about her, hiding her golden-lettered name and the torture on the lips of her white figurehead—a woman who blew a silver trumpet over the sea.

Her davits swung, empty; the boats gone.

There was naught that any sister on the waters could do for her.

Why would not a man love the sea, and perhaps find his own God upon it?

Forgive an old shellback his garrulity.

Good luck, and sing along.

HOMEWARD

BY BILL ADAMS

When the mate says, "That will do,"
When the women come to the rail,
When it's a weary year or two
Since the day when we set sail,
When we walk on the wharves of home
With our sea bags on our backs,
We will vow to no more roam
On the cold sea's sailing tracks.

So we wait to hear the mate,
And to see him wave his hand,
As we pass by the harbor gate
With our sea bags, back to the land;
In, come in, from the sea,
From her wild and windy weather,
I, and the men like me
Who have sailed the sea together.

When the mate says, "That will do,"
When the women come to the rail,
When it's a weary year or two
Since the day when we set sail,
For a week we will bide in ease,
With laughter, and wine, and song—
Then back, back to the seas,
And the ships where we belong.

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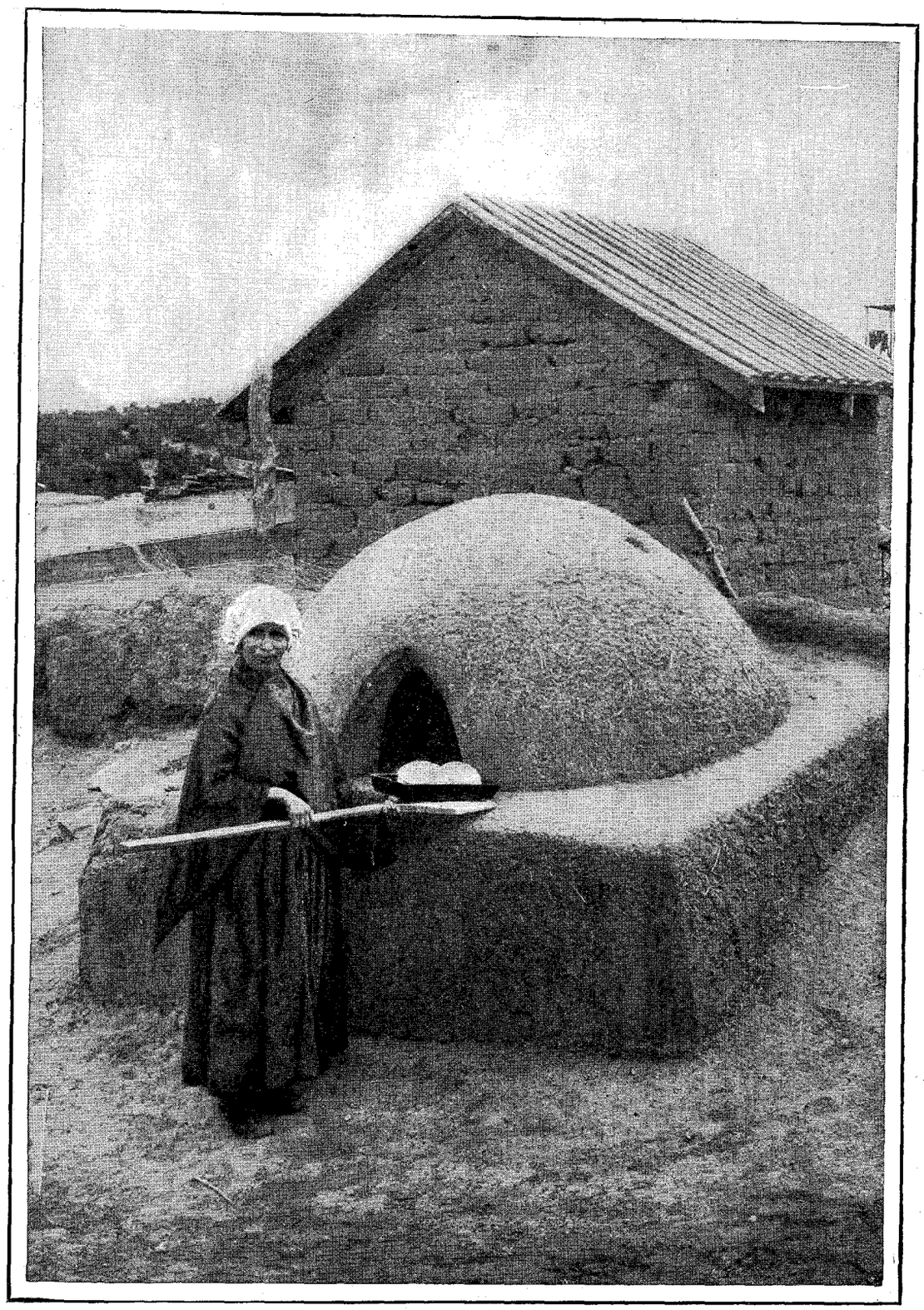
BREAD FROM A BEEHIVE



BAKING BREAD IN A NATIVE ADOBE OVEN IN NEW MEXICO

The fire is allowed to burn inside till the oven is hot, the ashes are then removed and the loaves of bread put in. The retained heat bakes them to a rich brown crispiness. Every native Mexican-American home has one of these outdoor ovens

From S. Omar Barker, Beulah, New Mexico

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THE BOOK TABLE

SIX NEW STORIES

EMERSON usually had a sound philosophic basis for his sententious sayings, but it wouldn't do to take them all literally. For instance, here is his advice to readers:

> Never read any book that is not a year old.
>
> Never read any but famed books.
>
> Never read any books but those you like.

To which the irreverent devourer of books hot from the press might reply, Yankee fashion, with three questions:

> What would become of the publishers and the Carnegie Libraries?
>
> How are books to become famous, if no one reads them until they are famous?
>
> How can I like or dislike a book until I have tried to read it?

Better advice is to try to read those books from which you may carry away some lasting impression. Thus the six novels on the Table at this minute leave, respectively, a warning against emotionalism, a lesson that life is more than passion, a suggestion that the big heart of a ne'er-do-well may avail more than prim propriety, and illustrations of the charm of imaginative writing, the thrill of excitement, and the entertainment to be found in good-natured satire.

One wishes that Mr. Poole had been a little more specific as to the application of his cry of "Danger!" [1] This title-word has been taken by some to mean that among the evils of war and hatred is the mental danger, the strain on nerve and soul, that may lead to neurosis and insanity. That is true, of course; but unless Mr. Poole means that the horror of war has left a national neurotic collapse (and this, one fancies, is hardly his idea) the better interpretation is as against giving way to hysteric emotion. Maud, an ex-war nurse, jealous, overwrought, is unable to get her mind away from her war experience and her club of wounded soldiers, and when employment is found for them she resents it. She is headed straight for the asylum, and dies, by suicide, after nullifying the recovery of her shell-shocked brother (who had become almost normal under the love and care of a devoted, cheerful, sensible wife) and after indirectly causing his death. Cunning in her drug-induced insanity, she charges the wife's brother with murder and induces the District Attorney to try him. But on the witness-stand she breaks into a mad denunciation of those who, as she imagines, have conspired to take her wounded soldiers away from her.

[1] Danger. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Not a pleasant tale! But it is treated with dramatic intensity and is relieved by the tender and charming silhouette of a lovable old Quaker lady. In construction the book, like Mr. Poole's "Millions," is held closely to its theme, and thus has a unified effect quite unlike that of the perhaps too diversified and "scattering" structure of his earlier novels.

In Elsie Singmaster's "The Hidden Road" [2] her Phebe is long impervious to the teaching of life—teaching which is yet by its unrecognized influences to make her a woman in whom culture, unselfishness, and honor are to supplant her persistent, instinctive feeling that passion is the only goal of life. Thrice she loves—no, not loves, but "falls in love"—foolishly or wildly; in each case that she escapes unsmirched is due to bare chance, not to any will power of her own, for heredity and narrow early surroundings have twisted her moral perceptions. But, as if in a hidden road, a parallel development has gone on; she becomes friends with workers, men and women, who care for literature, art, music, and helpfulness. Through their eyes she sees New York in its less flamboyant aspects—and many an old New Yorker will enjoy the description of various side-wynds of the city as found by an unsophisticated but not an uneducated Pennsylvania Dutch girl.

In the end Phebe loses her prepossession as to passion and begins to know what love may mean in its finer sense. There is excellent work in the narrative both in description and in quietly acute study of character and temperament.

Coincidentally with the publication of Mr. Cannan's new novel, "Annette and Bennett," [3] appears a new edition of his "Round the Corner." In that story Annette and Bennett were young and unfledged characters, just married and ignorant as lambs of life and its troubles; Bennett in particular was a melancholy and moony lad, emotional to a degree. In the new story their marriage nears shipwreck. It is saved by the strange intervention of Jamie Laurie, Bennett's father. Jamie, lightly sketched in "Round the Corner," was well worth the more elaborate portrait here painted; philosopher, humorist, lover of the poets, drunkard, and hater of conventions, he is in his peculiar way a genius and a stout fighter against crassness, social self-righteousness, and materialism.

Mr. Vance has a large following and can always be depended on to tell a story with plot and action at the liveliest. His work is not of the most distinguished order so far as literary quality goes, but he is a born story-teller, and in this tale of Italy and New York and of the secret methods of the Camorra [4] he provides a rapidly shifting romance of crime and excitement.

[2] The Hidden Road. By Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

[3] Annette and Bennett. By Gilbert Cannan. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $2.

"Barrie Marvell" [5] is a book of true imaginative quality. Barrie is a lad of fine perceptions, a dreamy lover of nature, and a creative genius. The book is sound in its presentment of an unusual type of child psychology. As one writer has remarked of it, "Barrie remains always a little boy hearing night winds blowing and trying to get the smell of the sea in his far-off garden." There is distinction in the writing. The author shows boy human nature with delicate literary reverence.

Mr. Freeman Tilden is a light-hearted humorist with a mild satirical vein. He is always amusing, never bitter. His Mr. Podd [6] has become rich by selling nozzles. He has a splendid efficiency system and wants to use it to bring about a brotherhood of nations, and incidentally to give away the copies of his great book on that subject, which has fallen flat. So he plans a world-wide voyage and selects eight people, men and women, to accompany his daughter and himself. These eight cranks and faddists advocate everything from Mental Science down, and each holds forth on his special fad, so that one is reminded of Ford's peace ship, on which, it was said, the cranks had to pay one another to listen. Of course they all land on an island (or rather are marooned there by a crew unhappily converted to piracy by their radical passengers), and their attempts at community government are queer enough. This is a highly entertaining, cheerful, and distinctly original story.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

[4] Baroque. By Louis Joseph Vance. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

[5] Barrie Marvell. By Charles Vince. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

[6] Mr. Podd. By Freeman Tilden. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECHES. Edited by Albert Bigelow Paine. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.25.

One would balk at reading this or any volume of humorous speeches from end to end. Speeches are meant to be listened to, not to be read. We miss the slow drawl, the apparent aimlessness, the sudden twinkle, and the ingenious springing of the ludicrous point aimed at from

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the beginning. Mr. Howells said of Mark Twain:

> He studied every word and syllable, and memorized them by a system of mnemonics peculiar to himself, consisting of an arbitrary arrangement of things on a table—knives, forks, salt cellars; inkstands, pens, boxes, or whatever was at hand—which stood for points and clauses and climaxes, and were at once indelible diction and constant suggestion. He studied every tone and every gesture, and he forecast the result with the real audience from its result with that imagined audience. Therefore it was beautiful to see him and to hear him; he rejoiced in the pleasure he gave and the blows of surprise which he dealt; and because he had his end in mind, he knew when to stop.

No wonder, then, that a good deal of the sparkle of the humor is lost in the stolid printed page. Yet there is good browsing in the book, and there is what Mark Twain loved to call "horse sense" as well as fun.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE. By his Brother, Rosewell Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The charm of this biography is that it corresponds exactly to its sub-title, "A Memoir of a Virginia Gentleman." In rather brief space, but with a large proportion of entertaining and truly illustrative stories, the author succeeds remarkably well in getting before us the personality of the author of "Marse Chan," in his youth, in his early days of literary work, in his delightful family life, in his devotion to his Confederate father and his delicately nurtured mother, in the Nation-wide reception given to his stories, and, finally, in his career as American Ambassador to Rome, his consequent love and admiration for Italy, and his worthy efforts as representative of the United States in the perilous and difficult war days. Thomas Nelson Page told the story of "Italy and the World War" in a book which sympathized with Italy's "needs and sufferings, resolution and sacrifices," but he did not refrain from telling the truth, and the author is no doubt right in asserting that there is no better account than that given in this book of the Caporetto defeat and the Italian victory on the Piave just a year later.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

ADVENTURES IN HUMANITY. By William L. Stidger. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

Mr. Stidger is well known to the readers of The Outlook through his short "silhouette" articles written in war time and through his recent interviews with Henry Ford. He is preacher as well as writer. In this volume we have a collection of short articles or discussions, some of which have previously appeared in magazines and religious periodicals. They relate, in a form which is partly story and partly exposition, experiences coming out of the pastoral life of himself and other ministers. The title "Adventures in Humanity" admirably describes the character and purpose of the book.

POETRY

BALLAD OF ST. BARBARA (THE). By G. K. Chesterton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

This book of ringing and ballad-like verses is a sometimes openly combative and sometimes slyly satirical attack on the meanness and grayness and spiritual sickness of the modern world. Here Mr. Chesterton rides upon the stage as a champion and crusader of fine things that the world has turned its back upon. In a preface to the American edition the author explains that he goes on record here as showing "that all that has been most reviled as dismal and decayed superstition" is capable of producing vigorous and spirited verse. He is successful in that.

What one gets from a reading of the book—in addition to lively entertainment and a vigorous stimulation of the pulses—is a feeling that Mr. Chesterton's religion is a very real thing to him, and that the picturesque days when it was fighting for its life among cloudy mediæval splendors were richer times than these. Faith and high purpose and valiant crusade were splendid things in themselves and in their gesture. Now—alas for "your caps that cry for a feather, your roofs that sigh for a spire"! This note of open challenge is supplemented by thrusts of telling satire.

The title poem weaves an hour of the Great War into the old legend of St. Barbara, the patron saint of artillery and of those in danger of sudden death. The book carries as frontispiece a photograph of the author.

PRELUDES. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

This latest book of poems by the English poet and playwright, author of "Abraham Lincoln," contains but eight poems, all of them celebrative of some aspect of the passion of love. In "David and Jonathan" it is the love of friends, born in an incident of spiritual exchange and mutual enrichment; in "The Maid of Naaman's Wife" it is the love of an Israelitish captive for her leprous lord; "Lake Winter," like the two foregoing a narrative, tells the story of the love of an English farmer for his neighbor's wife. The remaining five poems deal with love personal to the author.

The narratives—which form the main body of this volume of sixty-one pages—bear the imprint of Mr. Drinkwater's peculiar character as a poet: contained intellectuality, with the light and heat of poetic feeling upon it. "David and Jonathan" is plain and low-pulsed writing, for the most part, and can claim little in the way of distinction. It is not so rich in feeling or in language, either, as "The Maid of Naaman's Wife," which is conceived in a fine tenderness and moves from beginning to end in a suffusion of pity and passion. Mr. Drinkwater's ability to get the soil-bred character of English country folk vividly into his poetry is evidenced again in "Lake Winter."

The two sonnets—one at the beginning, one at the end of the book—are pleasing celebrations of a fortunate personal love.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

OLD INDIAN TRAILS. By Walter McClintock. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

Here is what might almost be called an epic of the Indian life of the Northwest. The author, a white man, was adopted by the Blackfeet tribe and lived with them as one of their own people. His opportunities for learning and recording the legends and customs of these Indians were unique, and he has brought the very spirit of the red man into his chapters of personal narrative—his love of the wilderness, of animate life, of the freedom of the plains and mountains. The book is true to type even in the indefiniteness of its flowing style, suggesting the flavor and spirit of Indian life in a way that no scientific treatise could do. As a record of a vanishing epoch it is a human document of singular interest.

SOUTHERN SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA (THE). By Charles Francis Saunders. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

Mr. Saunders has a friendly interest in both mountains and men, and he writes equally well about both. His accounts of trips through the wild districts of southern California are well seasoned with readable descriptions of the queer characters he met and with entertaining reports of the stories they told him. This is a restful book for the nature lover and will repay reading from cover to cover.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

COLONEL DESPARD, AND OTHER STUDIES. By Sir Charles Oman. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.57.

Despard as a traitor and Irishman bore certain resemblances to Roger Casement. His plot and the abortive little revolution of 1802 make a singular story, well told by this author. With the exception of Arthur Thistlewood, who was executed for treason in 1821 (a story also told in this volume), Despard was the last person in England to be decapitated—in both cases, however, the condemned were hanged before the decapitation. The two narratives are remarkably dramatic; the other papers in the volume are of mediocre interest.

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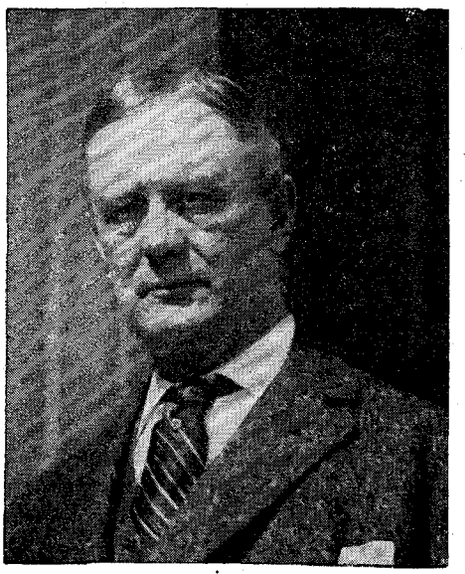
He is Closing the Mail Box to Frauds and Fakirs

Postmaster General New's Own Story of the Government's Fight to Protect the Small Investor

In the JULY issue of

THE WORLD'S WORK



HARRY S. NEW
Postmaster General of the U. S.

"SUCKER LISTS"—names of gullible people—are peddled at high prices by petty crooks to big crooks. The latter manage to sell every kind of fake proposition through the mails to these credulous purchasers. Although the victims have been "stung" before, they seem unable to profit by their sad experiences and are usually ready to be cheated all over again. Therefore the Government has had to step in and stop the game at its fountainhead as the only way to protect these trusting souls. How the Government foils the game of the mail order frauds is dramatically told in THE WORLD'S WORK by the man responsible for their discomfiture, Postmaster General New himself.

Has Gov. Smith of New York a Chance for the Presidency?

Since his approval of the repeal of the Mullan-Gage prohibition enforcement act, Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York has become a National figure. Some say he is in direct line for the presidency. Others contend that his nomination is out of the question. Mark Sullivan, America's foremost writer on National politics, discusses and analyzes Gov. Smith's chances in the July issue of THE WORLD'S WORK.

Martin Johnson's Wild Animal Photos

Carl E. Akeley, the noted explorer, says that the full-page pictures appearing in THE WORLD'S WORK are the greatest wild animal photographs ever taken. Many of the close-ups are among the clearest ever snapped, and show giraffes, elephants, rhinoceri and zebras face to face with the camera.

The Whole Truth About the Ku Klux Klan

Robert L. Duffus has just returned from a long trip through the strongholds of the Klan, and his articles go deeper into the real meaning of this sinister organization than any heretofore published.

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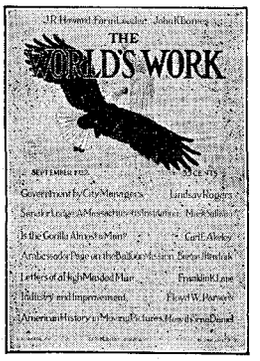

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The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE RELATION OF DIVIDENDS TO EARNINGS

A STOCKHOLDER in one of our great industrial corporations wrote a letter recently in which he complained that the dividends he received on his holdings were not large enough. He called attention to the size of the corporation's surplus, to earnings, and attacked the directors' policy of putting such a large proportion of them back into the business. "As a stockholder," he wrote. "I think I am entitled to these earnings in the form of dividends. I bought this stock in the expectation that dividend payments would be increased, but, instead of this, they have remained the same, in spite of the fact that earnings are larger than they were, and surplus keeps piling up."

The point we should like to consider is whether this complaint is justifiable. Not being familiar with the inside workings of the corporation in question, we are naturally not qualified to decide the matter for him, but we can discuss the general proposition. We believe we are

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justified in adopting as our major premise the proposition that the most important characteristic of any investment is safety, and that next in order of importance comes regularity of income. With these two considerations in mind, we can take up the question suggested by the letter.

Suppose a company earned ten per cent last year and paid ten per cent dividends; suppose it continues to earn ten per cent for two years more and continues to pay ten per cent dividends. Would this stock be regarded as a more attractive investment than one which earned ten per cent, paid eight per cent in dividends, and set the balance aside for surplus, to be used for improving and enlarging the business? It might if it already had a surplus fund sufficiently large to take care of all its needs. But not otherwise, it seems to us. Our reason for this opinion is as follows: Every business is constantly in need of capital, new machinery is needed regularly, enlarged facilities are required if the company shows a normal growth, and these things cost money. How much better it is for a corporation to pay for them out of earnings rather than borrow the money and pay interest on it. People call a man extravagant who spends all he makes, and they predict that a day will come when sickness or other misfortune will visit him and find him unprepared for the blow which will undoubtedly embarrass and perhaps handicap him for years to come. Why is not the same thing true of a corporation?

Lean years are certain to come, and every efficient board of directors prepares for them. The best preparation is the establishment of a fund, saved out of earnings. The corporation in which the writer of the letter holds stock has followed this policy for many years. The result is that its present dividend is exceedingly well protected, and the common stock is in the investment class, selling higher than most other stocks which pay the same rate. The reason is of course because a large equity exists for each share, the principal is considered safe, and even though a long period of business depression might come along there seems little doubt that the present dividend rate could and would be maintained. In other words, the policy of regular saving has made this corporation semi-independent, and who can deny that this state of affairs reacts to the benefit of the stockholders? If, on the other hand, earnings had all been turned over to the owners of the stock, the equity for the shares would not be anything like what it is to-day, and when hard times came, instead of receiving a reasonable, though possibly moderate, return on their investment, the stockholders, in all probability, would get nothing.

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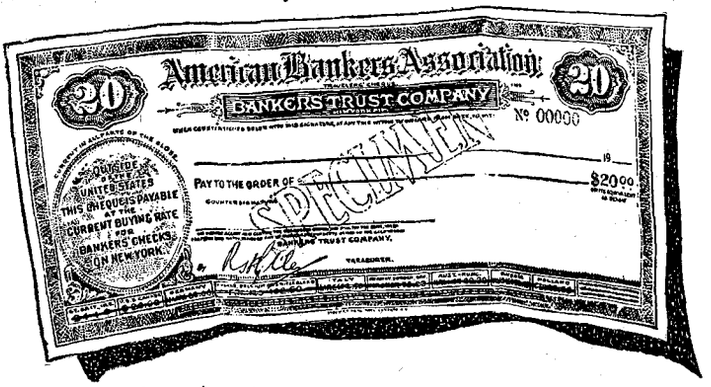
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Legislation—

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

times, and that is that dividends are declared by the board of directors, who are themselves stockholders, and that so far as their immediate personal well-being is concerned it would be to their advantage to pay as large dividends as possible. The right kind of a board, however, tries to act for the best interests of the corporation whose affairs it directs, and the corporation's interests are the stockholders' interests too. It seems to us that on the face of it a conservative policy is pretty strong evidence of good faith.

There is an old saying about eating cake and having it too. It can't be done. And if earnings are all converted into dividends the same kind of a situation arises, or at least is liable to arise, in the case of a corporation. We have known of corporations which have paid dividends in an effort to maintain their credit standing when earnings were practically non-existent and the money had to be borrowed. The idea was of course that if dividend payments were continued it would inspire confidence on the part of stockholders and in the investing public generally. The actual result has usually been to hasten the crash, and make the blow all the heavier when it fell. If dividends had been discontinued, or at least cut, matters most certainly would have been helped, and possibly if a more conservative policy in regard to dividends had always been in order the crash might never have occurred. By trying to keep the stockholders prosperous and happy the directors succeeded in losing money for them and making them angry. Better to have them disgruntled, like our friend the author of the letter, than to give them a real cause for complaint, as they might have if a too liberal policy were adopted. "Conservative" is about the most important word there is in connection with finance and investments. Mistakes may be made on the side of conservatism, but they are such mild errors as compared with those which occur as a result of speculation and taking chances that they can almost be ignored.

A conservative policy in the matter of dividends has its reward also when the corporation finds it necessary to borrow money. If a substantial percentage of earnings is put back into the business—into buildings, plant, and equipment—the value of the corporation's property is increased to that extent. Consequently, if bonds are to be issued the security for them is better than it would have been without this property, and a better rate of interest can be arranged. The lower the interest rate, the more there is left over for dividends. The more

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

there is left, too, for the redemption of the bonds, and bonds of course have to be cared for ahead of stock.

From the investor's standpoint, it seems to us that a conservative dividend policy is a distinct advantage. This is undoubtedly so if he accepts our contention that the prime requisites of an investment are safety of principal and assurance of income.

There are two stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange at the present time; one pays $6 a year in dividends and is offered at $86 a share; the second pays $5 a year and sells at 96. Which is better? As selling price determines the worth of a stock, the argument is certainly in favor of the second, and the reasoning is as follows: The higher-priced stock is backed by a large surplus, and earnings exceed dividend requirements by a margin sufficiently wide to insure the continuance of the present rate in the face of almost any eventuality; the $6 dividend is in a more precarious situation, and cannot be considered anything like as permanent as the other, and as an investment, therefore, this stock must take second place. There is over $300,000,000 of the 6 per cent stock outstanding, and suppose for the sake of argument the dividend were reduced one per cent a year. This would mean a saving of three million dollars annually, and if this sum were regularly invested and set aside as surplus the time would come when the corporation's reserves would compare favorably with the other's, and eventually its stock would be on the same investment plane. We do not presume to say that the directors are not justified in paying 6 per cent, but we cite this case as an example of how reserves are built up and the effect they have upon the investment value of outstanding stock.

The relation of dividends to earnings is an important consideration, and the investor can do worse than to consider it. The stockholder, too, should not be dissatisfied if a substantial proportion of earnings are put back into the business. He should realize that, after all, this policy is one that protects his holdings, and that the amount to be employed in this manner is something the directors—in close touch with the corporation's affairs—are better qualified to determine than any one else.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

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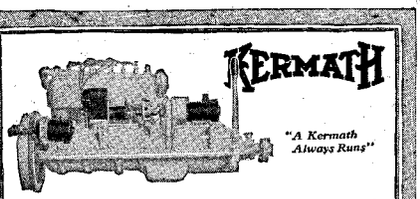

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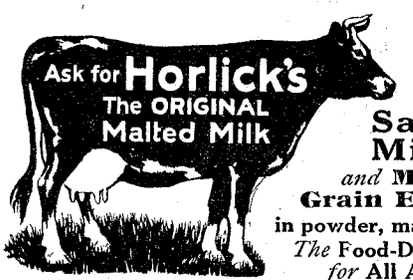

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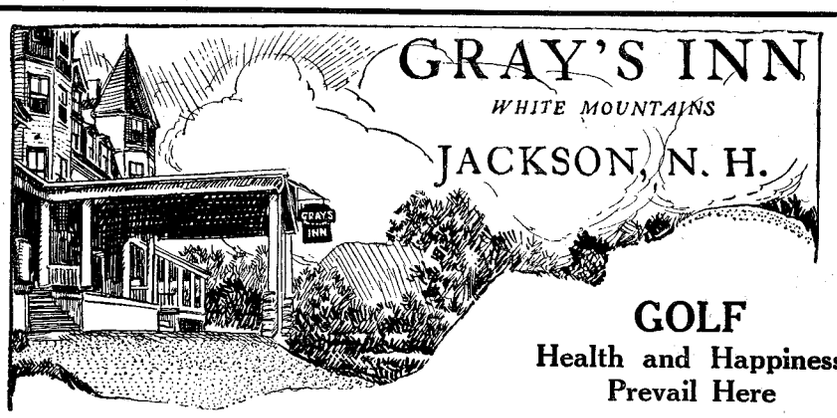

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North Scituate Beach, Mass.
25 miles from Boston.
"On the Ocean Front."

CAPE COD THE PINES
COTUIT, MASS.
Boating, bathing excellent. Cottages. Ideal place for summer. Own garden. C. D. Crawford.

CAPE COD ABERDEEN HALL
HYANNIS, MASS.
Beautifully situated on Nantucket Sound; *unexcelled boating and bathing; tennis courts* and golf links. House modern and cuisine first class. Write for booklet to
F. WARREN BLISS
Aberdeen Hall, Hyannis, Mass.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 19th season.

WESLEY HOUSE
OAK BLUFFS MASS.
Island Martha's Vineyard
30 minutes' sail from Woods Hole. Cool island breezes. Sailing, fishing, tennis, 18-hole golf. Good roads. Warm, safe bathing. Near variety amusements; dancing, movies. Write for booklet. AMERICAN PLAN ONLY.

The Maples Stockbridge, Mass.
In Berkshires. Home like Comfortable rooms. Excellent table: fresh vegetables, milk, cream, eggs. Write for terms.

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. *Pleasant forest walks and country* drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

MONTANA

Try this summer at
"THE WHITE BEAR"
in picturesque Montana
in the Absaroka range of the Rockies, on a mountain river full of fish, just waiting for your hook. Bear, elk, and small game in abundance, in season. Electric-lighted cabins, *every modern convenience, excellent* cuisine. Write for booklet and rates to the **Business Manager, Billings, Mont.**

NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Outlook, Georges Mills, N. H. On beautiful Lake Sunapee. Elv. 1,300 ft. Mt. trails, lakes 23, fishing, bathing, canoeing, **tennis.** Healthy, cool, happy. Geo. H. Gould, Prop.

BEMIS CAMPS
OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE
Near the White Mountains
The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the camp fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

"In the White Mountains"
HOTEL SPRUCES
Whitefield, N. H.
Open During Summer Season.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Crockett, Ownership-Management
Booklet and Rates on Application.

NEW JERSEY

The ENGLESIDE Beach Haven, N. J.

The Island Resort
The only resort on the Jersey coast that COMBINES perfect bathing, always good fishing, with a modern hotel and gives sure relief from Hay Fever beside. Booklet. 5 tennis courts. Opens June 22d.
R. F. ENGLE, Mgr.

Hotels and Resorts

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The Warren
On the Ocean
Spring Lake, N. J.
NEWLY CONSTRUCTED.
ACCOMMODATING OVER 300.
Surrounded by Green Lawns and Gardens at the Edge of the Sea.
Golf, Bathing, Tennis, Riding.
Two 18-Hole Golf Courses.
Opens June 20.
W. B. STUBBS, Prop.

NEW YORK

Keene Valley Inn, Keene Valley, N. Y. Adirondack Mountains. Rates $18 to $30 per week. 75 rooms. Fresh vegetables, own garden. Tennis, dancing, golf course 2 miles. W. W. BLOCK, Prop.

Adirondack Mts. Tamarack Inn, in beautiful Keene Valley. Rest, good food, vegetables from our own garden. Clean and well-ventilated rooms. Bath. Bathing, dancing, fishing, hunting, mt. climbing, moving pictures and other attractions. Terms: $17 up. Garage. Write George R. Dibble.

Mohican House Uncas-on-Lake George, N. Y. Popular resort for young folks. Good time, good eats. References given. Correspondence solicited.

ADIRONDACKS—Sunrise Lodge Water and mountain sports. A restful home for nature lovers. E. D. BARNES, Mt. Arab, N. Y.

FENTON HOUSE and COTTAGES Adirondacks
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

Sunset Camp and Cottages
Write for booklet and reference.
R. Bennett, Raquette Lake, N. Y.

Camp Inkowa-Inkowa House
Greenwood Lake, Orange Co., N. Y.
9 Mile Lake—600 ft. elevation, 45 miles from New York City
All outdoor sports: Horseback Riding: Tennis: Swimming: Canoeing: Boating: Athletics: Long and short distance hiking trips: Expert leadership: Best equipment.
Junior Camp for girls from 12 to 16, is filling a long-felt need for a high-class camp at a moderate rate, by the week or month—Rates $70 per month: $18 per week.
Senior Camp for young women over 16: Rates $70 per month: $18 per week.
Inkowa House for men and women: Rates $25 Single Rooms per week; Double Rooms $40 per week and up.
References Required. Send for booklet
Camp Inkowa or Inkowa House, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

The Lloyd. On Great South Bay. Exceptional location and house. Cool, comfortable, charming. Sports, sailing, bathing, fishing, golf, tennis, motoring. Address The Lloyd, Bellport, L. I.

1785 Orient Point Inn 1923
Orient Point, L. I., New York
Quiet, refined, homelike. Delightful location. Water sports, tennis, cleanliness, good table, electricity. Under same management as Mt. Pleasant House, Orient.
E. J. McDONNELL, Prop. and Mgr.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Clendening
202 W. 103d St.
New York City
Short block from Broadway subway station. Comfortable and homelike in every way. Write for rates and Booklet O.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

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HOTEL WENTWORTH

59 West 46th Street

New York City

Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping and theater district. A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.

Special rates for the summer months.

The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.

The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.

Write for summer rates.

GEORGE A. LEONARD, Manager.

Hotel Le Marquis

12 East 31st Street

New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Rates with Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. KNOTT Management.

PARK AVENUE HOTEL

4th Avenue from 32d to 33rd Streets, New York
(Subway entrance at door)

One of the best known hotels in the metropolis. Convenient to shopping, theatres, and in the heart of the wholesale district. Less than 50c taxi fare (one or more persons) from either railway terminal. Surface cars pass door.

PRICES FOR ROOMS

150 single rooms - - - - - - - - - - - $2.50 per day
250 double rooms - - - - $4.00 per day and upward
Single rooms with bath - - $4.00 per day and upward
Double rooms with bath - - $5.00 per day and upward

POPULAR PRICE CAFETERIA AND REGULAR RESTAURANT

The SUNKEN PALM GARDEN is surrounded by Dining Balconies and a fine orchestra is stationed here every evening.

GEORGE C. BROWN, Proprietor

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(Near 5th Avenue)

40 West 45th Street

NEW YORK

Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost. Special summer rates.

Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

Hotel Hargrave

West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE FOREST INN and COTTAGES

EAGLES MERE PARK, PA.

Beautiful lake, bathing and boating, 2,200 feet above the sea. Fine 18-hole golf course. Superb views. Orchestra. Booklet.
HERMAN V. YEAGER, Mgr.

Woodleigh, Towanda, Pa. Luxurious country home, also cottage rooms; fine estate, owner trained nurse. Excellent cooking, abundance of cream, good milk, green vegetables, fruits, mt. spring water, fine air. Rooms en suite, private baths, open wood fires, electricity, sun-parlors. Good automobiles, horses, swimming, tennis; simple life. Booklet, Miss ELIZABETH LAMB.

Hotels and Resorts

RHODE ISLAND

IT'S COOL AT

Block Island

Rhode Island

Spend your summer's outing here. Situated 15 miles from the mainland, off the Rhode Island Coast. Two daily boats from New London, Providence, and Newport.

THE SPRING HOUSE

is an attractive hotel offering many rooms with bath; orchestra; dancing afternoon and evening.

Block Island is headquarters of the Atlantic Tuna Club; finest surf bathing on the coast; golf; tennis; motoring; flying; fishing.

For further information write

E. R. PAYNE, Block Island, R. I.

When winter comes it's summer time at Punta Gorda, Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico, the Sportsman's winter playground. Stop at Hotel Punta Gorda.

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I. 12 miles at sea. Climate and beach unexcelled. **Blue Dory Inn.** In village near beach. Accommodates 25. Homelike; reasonable rates. **Red Gate Farm,** mile from village, near New Harbor; quiet. Mrs. B. H. DODGE, Box 133.

Jamestown Narragansett Bay, Opp. Newport, R. I. Several nicely furnished cottages having all modern improvements. On the shore and overlooking the Bay. For the season of 1923. Booklets. Thorndyke Hotel, Jamestown, R.I.

VERMONT

THE MAPLES

A Quiet Country Home

In the foothills of the Green Mts.

Address G. W. Powers, Athens, Vt. Via Cambridgeport railroad station, Bellows Falls, Vt.

CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. THE MISSES SARGEANT.

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"Quimby's Own" for Over Twenty Years
VACATION RESORT FOR ALL
Forest and Averill Lakes, Vt.
Only Main Camps in Vermont
ALL SEASON FISHING
Best Sport in the State
Trout, Salmon, Lake Trout, Famous Aureolas, Pickerel, Bass
Bathing Canoeing Tennis
Open May 1st to Nov. 1st. Five lakes. Cabins with baths. Same excellent table. No Black Flies nor Mosquitoes. Charter your cabin and open fire now. Special Rates June and Oct.
H. A. QUIMBY, Mgr., Averill, Vt.

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Vacation on a real Stock Ranch

THE SIXTEEN-BAR-ONE TRAPPER LODGE

Horseback riding, fishing, detached sleeping cabins, tennis. Our ranch also supplies our table. Make reservations now with W. H. Wyman & Son, **Shell,** Big Horn Co., **Wyo.** N.B. **Trapper Lodge** maintains a complete **Mountain-top Camp** in connection.

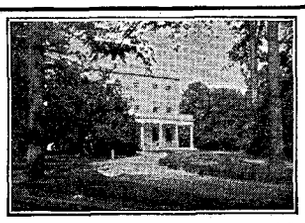
Health Resorts

Dr. Reeves Sanitarium

is a private home for nervous patients, convalescents, and elderly people requiring care. Excellent table, home-like surroundings, auto drives. HARRIET E. REEVES, M.D., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

MARGARET MARY COTTAGE
CHESHIRE, MASS.
In heart of beautiful Berkshires
For chronic invalids, convalescents and infirm. Diet nursing a specialty. Rates reasonable. Mrs. George M. Egan, graduate nurse.

Health Resorts



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Private Hospital

For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

The White Birches Hanover, N. J., **Home for Patients.** Chronic and acute cases. Terms reasonable. Garden, dairy, artesian water. 30 miles from New York City. Address LYDIA LOUISE COOK, R. N.

VAN VALEN SANATORIUM
YONKERS, N. Y.
Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Real Estate

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FOR RENT FOR THE SUMMER

A 5-room furnished apartment on a beautiful farm. Hot and cold water, bath, gas in every room, garage, on the State road. All farm produce can be bought on the place. Price $350. Owners fine American people. Also cottage at Highland Lake and farms for sale. **HENRY A. TANNER, 9 Rowley St., Winsted, Conn.**

MAINE

FOR RENT, FURNISHED

"Lady Cove House"

FALMOUTH FORESIDE

On Casco Bay (near Portland), Maine

Modern. Designed by A. W. Longfellow. 11 bedrooms, 4 baths, garage, stable. Season $1,200. GEORGE WOODWARD, North American Building, Philadelphia.

PEMAQUID, ME.
NEAR PORTLAND.
For Sale or To Let

The finest estate on the coast of Maine. 300 acres. The large colonial home, furnished, and grounds will be let separate from the farm if desired. Also an 8-room cottage with garage to let. Ocean view, fine harbor and drives. W. G. Tibbetts, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

ROCKLAND, ME., For Rent

Furnished cottage on shore, $150 a season. Address Dr. RUTH MCBEATH, Rockland, Me.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR RENT Marblehead. 8-room furnished house, beautiful ocean view, piazza. Electricity, fireplaces. Every convenience. M. F. Boles, Marblehead.

FOR RENT
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Cottage on Westenhok Farm, fifteen minutes' drive from city. Four master's bedrooms (one on ground floor), three bathrooms, two servants' rooms, screened sleeping and dining porches, two fireplaces and one pipe hot air furnace, also garage and vegetable garden. Rent $800 for season, completely furnished.

Also, on premises adjoining, cottage known as "As You Like It," with four master's bedrooms, three servants' rooms, three baths, sleeping-porch and screened piazzas, three fireplaces, heated by steam, garage and tennis court. Rent $1,200 for season, completely furnished.

Apply for both to Mr. R. C. ROBERTSON, Pittsfield, Mass.

South Westport, Mass. For Rent Season 1923, farmhouse remodeled. Modern conveniences. On 100-acre farm, sloping west to Westport River. Tide water. Bath house. Beautiful views in all directions from house. Oak and pine woods on estate. Ideal vacation home. John Allan, Westport, R. F. D. 53 A.

FOR SALE "AMARILLO" Attractive country home in **WEST GRANVILLE, Mass.,** 12 miles from **Westfield,** nearest railroad station on edge of Berkshire Hills. Alt. 1,500 ft. 9-room house 100 years old, in excellent repair, comfortably furnished; 3 fireplaces, garage. 45 acres land. Ideal place for summer home. Price only $3,500. Easy terms. Address J. H. Swift, Granville Center, Mass.

Real Estate

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WONALANCET, N. H.

Cottages to rent for the season
Apply to ARTHUR T. WALDEN

NEW YORK

For Investigation 1,400-acre Adirondack property. Woodlands and farm. Handsome buildings. Fine water supply. Electric lights. Trout stream and abutting rivers. Very suitable for boys' or girls' school or camp—for club or sanitarium. Address 9,230, Outlook.

To Rent, Adirondack Mts., Lake George. Well furnished cottages with all modern improvements. Electric lights, etc. A. B. Leotaud, 137 Glen St., Glens Falls, N. Y.

ADIRONDACK COTTAGES. Comfortably furnished, running water, bath; supplies convenient. $175 and $225 for season. Small furnished camp $85 till August 1. Send for folder. ALMON WARD, Jay, Essex Co., N. Y.

$85 for Adirondack Camp till first week in August. Furnished, 4 rooms, running water, toilet. Write for folder. F. Ward, Jay, N. Y.

"ADIRONDACKS" COTTAGES
For Sale or To Rent.
Also Camp Sites For Sale.
W. H. Otis, Keene Valley, N.Y. Phone 14F14.

PENNSYLVANIA

POTTSVILLE, PA. FOR RENT. Completely furnished July and Aug. House on slope of Sharp Mt. 6 bedroom, 3 baths, fireplaces, porches, billiard room, kitchen garden, garage. $200 monthly. References required. MRS. HAROLD BEECHER.

VERMONT

Beautiful Summer Home and Profitable Farm For Sale

25 miles from Burlington in Green Mts.

Modern farm home, 11 rooms, 2 baths, fireplace. Lots of wood. Manager's house, 7 rooms and bath. Large barn, ice-house (filled), hen-house, 55 head Jersey cows, team-tractor, and complete line of first-class machinery, 234 acres land. Unfailing spring water to all buildings. Price $20,000. Address 147, Outlook.

Lake Champlain Shore Property
CAMPS FARMS ESTATES
Mrs. W. RAMSAY SMITH
The Bittersweet Real Estate Agency
Burlington, Vt.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

TEACHERS wanted for public and private schools, colleges, and universities. Education Service, Steger Building, Chicago; Southern Building, Washington; 1254 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., New York. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, secretaries; teachers: schools, families, institutions.

MISS RICHARDS' BUREAU. Co-operative placement service. Superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, governesses, secretaries, social workers. Box 5, East Side, Providence.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED—Trained young woman to take charge of Y. W. C. A. summer pool, Lancaster, Pa.

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MAN and wife wanted to run home for convalescent soldiers 35 miles from New York. Mature ex-service man, without young children, preferred. Woman attend to domestic duties except cooking and laundry. 3,939, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, 15 years' experience, desires position in refined Protestant home. General conditions, convalescents, etc. If necessary, a few light duties included (nothing menial) and nice meals prepared for patient. Salary $20 to $35 per week. Reference given. Phone 585 R, or address Nurse, 1 Le Veniss Pl., New Rochelle, N. Y.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

COMPETENT typist wants manuscript or any other material to copy. 50 cents per thousand words. Reply 3,874, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED middle-aged woman would like position as companion for an elderly lady. Experienced. 3,899, Outlook.

EDUCATIONAL missionary, on furlough, desires summer position as companion or as teacher to older children. Traveled widely. Lutheran. 3,915, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse, refined, will exchange services, light duties, for summer in country. 3,923, Outlook.

CULTURED college girl, 27, business training, desires to be personal secretary or companion to refined woman. Will travel. References. 3,927, Outlook.

POSITION desired as managing housekeeper in refined home or as executive where the planning and serving good foods will be appreciated. Experienced. References. 3,928, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate desires position as helper, nurse, or companion in exchange for home and slight remuneration. Available July and August. 3,929, Outlook.

LADY of refinement desires position social secretary, reception clerk, tea room assistant, saleswoman in gift shop. 3,930, Outlook.

LADY with wide experience as secretary and traveling companion will be available in September for position. Also willing to chaperon young girl. 3,931, Outlook.

MAN of education, forty, single, desires work out of doors—farm, woods, etc. Salary secondary. State full particulars. 3,933, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, 25, cultured, business training, will act as social secretary, companion. Will travel. References. 3,934, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN wishes position as companion, mother's helper, care of invalid or elderly woman. References exchanged. 3,935, Outlook.

SCOTSWOMAN desires position as manager, housekeeper, or companion where one or more servants are kept. Excellent testimonials. Country preferred. 3,936, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman as companion or social secretary. Well educated. References. Address 3,938, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE man wishes to travel abroad as tutor-companion for expenses. Drives car. Edmund Leeds, Jr., 71 Brown St., Providence, R. I.

MALE teacher desires summer work. Will travel. 3,889, Outlook.

TUTOR wishes position beginning September. 3,888, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

HOME school for children summer months. Berkshire foothills. Music, art, dancing, outdoor activity, tutoring. 3,309, Outlook.

WANTED—Young women to take 9 months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Apply Superintendent, F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

ELDERLY PEOPLE—A limited number, with good social position and independent means, are uniting to establish a residential home club for comfortable living and mutual advantage in the advancing years. Credentials exacting. Correspondence invited. 3,903, Outlook.

WANTED—Woman of education and experience will care for infant in her attractive home, ample grounds, two hours from New York City. Adequate compensation asked. Address 3,926, Outlook.

NORMAL school professor with 16 years' experience will take into his home two boys for coaching in science or mathematics. Fishing and boating near-by. Wm. G. Fuller, New Paltz, N. Y.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Homelike school near New York where children under eleven years will be carefully cared for and contented. Address 3,828, Outlook.

Your Wants

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address Department of Classified Advertising, The Outlook, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

BY THE WAY

IN an article headed "What Do We Care for Abroad?" in the "North American Review," the interdependence of countries in the making of the commonest articles is thus shown as to the manufacture of an ordinary pair of shoes: "The welt is cemented to the sole with a mixture of asphalt, probably from Venezuela, and rubber, from Brazil or the Straits. The upper is sewed to the welt with linen thread made from flax grown in Russia or the Argentine and spun in Ireland or Scotland. The fancy stitching in the upper is of silk from China or Japan. The soft tops of high shoes are made usually of goatskins produced probably in India or China or South America. The tongue in high-grade shoes is likely to be Australian kangaroo skin. The metal eyelets for the laces are made of a composition of nickel from Canada, tin from Malaya or Bolivia, and zinc from Missouri or Mexico."

Newspapers' mistakes in printing medical nomenclature afford the "Journal" of the American Medical Association frequent occasion for sarcastic comment. Under the heading "A Bad Spell of Mastoiditis" it reprints this sample obituary notice from the Sellwood (Oregon) "Bee:" "Franz Gradle, son of Otto Gradle, died Sunday of maslorditis."

From the London "Spectator," and reported in that paper as known to be genuine:

A letter from an Irish cook to her mistress:

"My Ladyship—we have had stirring times here. Since you left, the National Army came and took possession of the house. The Irregular Army attacked them. The battle lasted until five o'clock. The Irregulars were defeated. Afterwards I showed the Armies around the garden. They especially admired your Ladyship's antirrhinums. I regret to say they went down to the village and got drunk and two of the Irregulars came back and got drowned in the lake. The funeral is on Thursday, and, as I am sure it would be your Ladyship's wish, I am sending a wreath of antirrhinums."

The caprices that often characterize geniuses who come unexpectedly into positions of great power are illustrated by Sir Philip Gibbs in his reminiscences in "World's Work." Speaking of his association with Lord Northcliffe, he says: "Northcliffe was very generous at times with those who served him. I know one man who approached him for a loan of £500. He was shocked at the idea.

"'Certainly not! Don't you know that I never lend money? I wouldn't do it if you were starving in the gutter.'

"Then he wrote a check for £100, and said, 'But I'll give it to you, my dear fellow. Say no more about it.'"

From an article on "Bon Mots Here and There" in the "Bookman:"

A writer whose work is not of a kind that sells widely says "he does not care how poor he is so long as he lives in luxury."

"Boy or girl?" a well-known editor's wife asked her husband concerning the newly born child of a couple with whom they were acquainted. "I don't know," he replied, trying hard to think; "guess they haven't named it yet."

A stage star said that she had tried the Coué method, but being impelled to knock wood so much she bruised her finger until she had to see a doctor about it.

"How may we evict the skunks from under our house?" is the somewhat startling question asked by a reader of an agricultural magazine. Another reader, from the depths of a wider experience, answers the question thus: See that the wall is tight where they live, but leave an opening for them to go out. Take a bottle of household ammonia, pull out the cork, slip a long stick in its place, and shove the bottle into the skunks' habitation. Raise the stick and smash the bottle. The skunks will all march out, saying, "Our odor may be a little disagreeable to our enemies, but here they are, using poison gas on us! We call that low down!" They dislike the fumes so much that it is said they never come back.

From the Nashville "Tennessean:"

"He—'I make ten thousand a year—though you probably would not think it to look at me.' She—'No, and I wouldn't think it to hear you say it.'"

Here is an appealing stanza from "When I Go Out in June," by Clinton Scollard, in the New York "Herald:"

When I go out in June
  At morn there is for me
A bobolink to toss a tune
  Of silver ecstasy.
Deep hid among the trees
  I hear a cuckoo croon;
It is a time for my heart's ease
  When I go out in June.

From "Tit-Bits:"

Old Lady—"Now, porter, you're quite sure you've put all my luggage in?—the big portmanteau and—" Porter—"All right, mum." Old Lady—"And you're certain I've not left anything behind?" Porter—"No, mum, not even a copper."

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